

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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Lord and Lady Lovat at Buckingham Palace

Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Lovat, D.S.O., M.C., went to a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace, accompanied by his wife, to receive his decorations from the King. He won the Military Cross last April, when he led the successful Combined Operations raid on Boulogne, and was awarded the D.S.O. for "cool leadership, sound tactical knowledge, faultless control and complete disregard of personal danger" as leader of No. 4 Commando in the Dieppe raid in August. His wife is the only daughter of Sir Delves Broughton, Bart., and married Lord Lovat in 1938. They have a son, the Master of Lovat, who is three years old, and two daughters



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Peacemakers' Problems

THE fuss about Admiral Darlan's position in North Africa shows in the sharpest relief some of the problems the peacemakers will have to face when hostilities are ended. North Africa is but a foretaste of the magnitude of these problems which will affect men and nations all over the world. I remember a prominent member of an exiled government saying some time ago that at the end of the war he would lose his position, for he could not expect to return to his country and take precedence over those who had remained behind and suffered so much. They would have the right—and he hoped they would claim it—to organise the resuscitation of his country and to appoint new leaders from among themselves. In London he was merely fulfilling his necessary duties while they were in the front line.

Nazi Notoriety

ADAMIRAL DARLAN can never have anticipated such notoriety as he has attained recently when he set his course and gave free rein to his unbounded political ambitions. The treatment he has received from the world's newspapers shows the disgust common men feel for all those who have had dealings with Hitler. What a warning to Hitler and his henchmen! President Roosevelt's declaration that the ill-defined position Admiral Darlan originally filled

in North Africa was a temporary expedient, was timely. The lack of information about the negotiations then being conducted by General Eisenhower were beginning to cause suspicion and even bitterness.

From the outset, my sympathies were with General Eisenhower. He was confronted with many problems, and his overriding responsibility was to perfect the military occupation of North Africa as quickly as possible in order that the Forces of the Allies might be ready to meet those of the Axis in what might prove to be the biggest and most vital battle of the war. Naturally, General Eisenhower took the shortest route to obtain the fullest co-operation. Admiral Darlan was prepared to co-operate with the American Commander-in-Chief (it is considered doubtful whether he would have been as forthcoming to a British Commander-in-Chief, although one can never tell what might happen in dealing with men like Darlan), and General Eisenhower began negotiations. President Roosevelt's statement that nobody in "our army" has authority to discuss the future government of France or the French Empire set many troubled minds at rest.

Fighting French Resist

GENERAL DE GAULLE's refusal to acknowledge in any way the negotiations with Admiral Darlan was typical of the man. His ideals of patriotism are set very high. He doesn't



A Merchant Navy Award

Commander Richard Roberts went with his wife to receive his D.S.C. at an investiture. He was Commodore of the convoy carrying out the assault landings in Madagascar last May, resulting in the capture of Diego Suarez, since when he was torpedoed and spent eight days in an open boat

bother to understand the intricacies of politics. His one interest in life is the future of France. His personal record since the war started has been unblemished, and he cannot tolerate dealings with those who have played with both sides. In this attitude he has the sympathy of most members of the British Government and the mass of the people of this country. Many of his warmest supporters in the Fighting French movement are convinced that Admiral Darlan's presence in North Africa, when the Allied Forces arrived there, was part of a political plot hatched in Vichy. The men of Vichy have been watching the tide turning against Hitler. At the last moment they decided it was time to jump from one side to the other. If this were not so, the Fighting French argue, we should not see men like M. Flandin and M. Pucheu making their way to North Africa.

Allied Pincers

THE development of the campaign in Africa reveals the unfolding of a great strategic plan. General Montgomery has chased Rommel's forces out of Egypt and through Libya. At this moment it looks as if General Anderson's First Army will polish them off. Mr. Churchill has told the world that he and President Roosevelt at first contemplated invading the Continent of Europe across the English Channel, and that they dropped this plan in favour of the North African operation. Therefore this can rightly be called the opening phase of a mighty Second Front. We see the same methodical thoroughness in the North African landings as we did in the opening stages of General Montgomery's offensive. This should give us cause for reasonable optimism. The First Army, under General Anderson, is trained to the last man. All the lessons out of Dunkirk have been thoroughly learned by them. They will certainly be a match for any troops Hitler can put in the field, and since Rommel has been out-generalled, there is no reason to suppose that General Nehring has any super qualities unknown to us. Unquestionably, we are on the eve of great events, which, if they favour the Allies, will be the beginning of the end of Hitler.



The King Visits American Bomber Stations

The King recently paid his first official visit to stations of the American Bomber Command. Above he is seen with officers of the U.S. Army Air Corps, after inspecting the Flying Fortresses. His Majesty spoke to members of the crews who have been on several bombing raids, and lunched with the officers at one of their messes. He said he was delighted with the way in which the Americans had accommodated themselves to their new surroundings



At the Royal Palace, Amman

The Amir Abdulla Ibn el Hussein, of Trans-Jordan, was presented with the flag of an Air Commodore of the R.A.F. by officers, N.C.O.s and men of the R.A.F. station, Amman, in recognition of the friendly relations existing between them and the Amir. Air Marshal R. M. Drummond (right) presented the flag, and on the left are Col. J. B. Glubb and Air Commodore L. O. Brown



In the Western Desert

Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, A.O.C. Middle East, paid a visit to a long-range fighter station, arriving just as some of the pilots returned from an operation. He is seen examining photographs taken during one of their sorties. Wing-Commander Bragg, O.C. the Squadron, and Air Vice-Marshal L. H. Slatter were with him

American Victory

COLONEL KNOX, the American Navy Minister, was commendably cautious in describing the heavy defeat of Japanese naval forces in the Solomons as only the second round. Nevertheless it was a glorious victory, which will do a lot to shatter Japanese morale. Taken in conjunction with the highly successful landing operations off North Africa there is every justification for stressing the importance sea power is playing in this war. By the heavy blows the American Navy has administered to Japan's sea power the tables are gradually being turned in the Pacific. Japan's total naval strength was always one of the biggest secrets in the world before the war started; but even Japan cannot have unlimited sea power, nor can she have the resources by which she can replace her losses so easily and as quickly as the United States.

Stalin's Praise

M. STALIN must be reckoned as an unconventional man among the world's leaders. When he has had complaints against his Allies he has used the indirect methods of propaganda at his command in London and Washington, as well as in Moscow. Similarly, when he felt constrained to praise his Allies the other day he sent a letter to an American newspaper man in Moscow. He described British and American leaders in the African campaign as first-rate organisers. This in itself is high tribute from one who lives for efficiency. We can be assured that M. Stalin would not have committed himself to this praise if he had not felt fairly certain that the African campaign means a turn in the war. In his letter he asserts that the initiative has now passed into the hands of the Allies, and that the prestige of Hitlerite Germany will be undermined as a result. He also states that the campaign creates conditions for putting Italy out of commission. All the same, I am sure both President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill would have felt their personal links strengthened with M. Stalin if he had conveyed these sentiments to each of them by direct means.

Defending Neutrality

GENERAL FRANCO has felt compelled to order partial mobilisation of the Spanish armed forces. His purpose in so doing was stated to be the defence of Spanish neutrality. Whether this is true or not, the act of mobilisation is a development of the highest importance in the Mediterranean. I do not believe that General Franco would have done this without adequate reason, for his is no comfortable position in Spain. For a long time he was convinced that Hitler would win the war. He did not hide his opinion from those about him. Lately, however, like the men of Vichy, General Franco has changed his tune. He now thinks that the United Nations can't lose the war. In the Spanish Army there are many severe critics of General Franco. They have never liked his belief in Hitler, and they have despised his associations with Mussolini. These soldiers of high rank made it known to General Franco many months ago that if Hitler invaded Spain they would resist to the utmost. Therefore it may be that General Franco has been under some pressure to take adequate precautions against a possible move by Hitler. Spain is in the throes of real poverty; her army, navy and air force are not up to standard. But the spirit of Spain is alive. The people of Spain are antagonistic to Hitler and all his policies.

American Critics

REVERTING to the problems of the peace-makers, account must be taken of Mr. Wendell Willkie's latest pronouncements, and his sustained attacks on Mr. Churchill. Mr. Willkie is annoyed that Mr. Churchill should have asserted at the Mansion House that he was not made the King's first minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. It seems, after all, that Mr. Willkie is associated with the new Imperialist group in the United States. Mr. Henry Luce is one of them as well. It is a pity that Mr. Willkie has fallen into such bad company, for his earlier speeches gave promise of something greater than the acquisitiveness of a few big business men. I doubt whether Mr. Willkie, or his friends, will take any account of Mr. Sumner Welles's assertion that the security of America is vitally affected by

the fate of other peoples of the earth. Mr. Sumner Welles says that Americans should recognise this and avoid the extremes of Isolationism on the one hand, and attempting to tell other nations how to run their affairs on the other. How right he is. The attitude of British Ministers who have behind them an ancient background of administration has been most impeccable in face of the many attacks made on them.



Hay Wrightson

A Malta Convoy Hero

Vice-Admiral Sir Harold Burroughs, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., seen here with Lady Burroughs, received a Knighthood and the D.S.O. for his outstanding service in commanding the escort ships in the famous Malta convoy last August. He has two sons in the Navy

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Lovely Nonsense

By James Agate

SHAKESPEARE's highest-browed heroine, one Portia, opines that "Nothing is good, I see, without respect." Antonio's mouth-piece might have said equally that nothing is bad without respect. There are moods in which I could consider *Panama Hattie* (Regal) one of the worst pictures I have ever seen. And then I reflect that not even a picture can be deemed bad without respect.

A GREAT dramatic critic once left the theatre in the middle of a very bad performance of *Romeo and Juliet* because, said he, "the carts in the street were so much jollier." What's the alternative to seeing even the worst possible picture? Well, for millions of people in this country there is spending an evening at home quarrelling with the family or trying to hear the news above the baby's crying. Or there is sitting in a frowsty public bar, drinking more flat, warm beer than the pocket money can run to.

LIKE to have a look at the story? Here it is. "Hattie Maloney, a night club entertainer, with a heart of gold, is adored by a scion of a fine old family, Dick Bulliett, now a sergeant

in the army about to get a commission. Habitues of the cafe where Hattie sings are her close pals and protectors, three sailors, Red, Rags and Rowdy, sworn to protect Hattie from one and all. They accept Dick, however, even though he's a soldier. Dick's seven-year-old daughter, Geraldine, comes to see him after a separation of several years. Hattie dresses in her very best, arms loaded with bracelets and gown covered with bows, to meet Dick's child and make a good impression. The child, Geraldine, laughs long and loud, thereby nearly breaking Hattie's heart. Dick persuades Geraldine that Hattie is really worthwhile, so the child makes friends with Hattie and shows her how a real lady should dress and act."

THERE are people who find their own thoughts less amusing than Hollywood's notions of what constitutes a lady—in this case, the snipping off Hattie's dress of inessential fal-lals. Personally I would rather sit in a darkened room and twiddle my thumbs. The three sailors? Obviously they have been engaged to do more than look after Hattie's respectability. Presently, therefore, they indulge in a combined

crazy-act cum spy-chase. Yet I still can think of small towns where this is less dull than hanging about for the local Glamour Girl. Here is one of Mr. Cole Porter's lyrics:

I thought I was a lady till last night,
I thought I was a lady till I got tight,
Boy, did I get stinking?

Which, of course, is merely Art's way of putting the Glamour Girl's more prosaic "Bert, did I be'ave all right last night? I was too sozzled to remember."

TALKING of small towns, my good friend Mervyn Macpherson tells me that this colourful film can confidently be reckoned on to break all records in our grimmer cities. I can well believe it. If I lived at say, Widnes or Walsall I could well believe that I should take *Panama Hattie* for a masterpiece. But it happens that I live in London. For which reason I would rather spend this film's eighty minutes standing in the blackout signalling to non-existent taxis. Ann Sothern plays the part of the common little baggage devastatingly well—the odd thing is that I see no cultural difference whatever between Hattie, Scarlett O'Hara, or any other Gay Sister.

THE reason I like *A Yank at Eton* (Empire) so much is that there is no damned verisimilitude about it. Do those Olympians known as Pop process down the High Street chorusing the Eton Boat-Song? No. Does a brand-new pupil, even an American, begin his scholastic career by pommeling a member of the Sixth Form? No. Is the stick-jaw episode credible? No. Is this film a greater libel upon Eton than that other was upon Oxford? Yes. And shouldn't even an Eton housemaster realise that when Mickey Rooney wears his Yes-I-did-it-so-what? look he is merely screening Freddie Bartholomew? Yes. Doesn't Teddy Gwenn ever go to the pictures? Perhaps not.

IT all comes back to what I am never tired of saying—that when you are in the presence of genius, or let us say, great natural talent, it doesn't matter very much what that talent is exercised in. No doubt it would have been better if Ben Davies had eschewed songs of Araby and John McCormack had abjured Hearing People Calling Him, and if both artists had devoted themselves to the song-cycles of Schubert and Schumann. But better for whom? Merely for the musical sheep who bleat about Wolf. To the non-musical these well-beloved artists would have been utterly lost. It is the same with Mickey Rooney. There are people who deplore the zoom and rush of this great little artist's genius, which they call vulgar. And I for one am content that Mickey's genius should be vulgar. I no more want this actor not to be vulgar, in the sense in which the release of boundless energy is always vulgar, than I want Trabb's Boy not to be vulgar. This film should have been called *Trabb's Boy at Eton*. Except that Dickens is a waning power in a deteriorating world. Anyhow, Mickey gives a superb performance and personally I should not have minded if the film had shown us Eton's Senior Proctor chased into Slough by his own Bulldogs.

THERE is an entirely delightful performance by a little boy called Raymond Severn. Against which I have regretfully to record the fact that Freddie Bartholomew is steadily disimproving. I think he should now wait till he has grown to his nose. English good-breeding is in the safe hands of Ian Hunter, and the scene of the shooting of the broken-backed racehorse perfectly illustrates the English genius for keeping the upper lip stiff.



Ann Sothern as "Panama Hattie" now at the Regal



Hattie Maloney (Ann Sothern), a night club entertainer with a heart of gold, is the toast of Panama. Four men adore her—Red, Rags and Rowdy (Red Skelton, "Rags" Ragland and Ben Blue), all sailors—and Sergeant Dick Bulliett (Dan Dailey, Jr.). Mixed up with the love stories of Panama Hattie is a spy plot, neatly solved by the three sailors, who find a mysterious note, and scared out of their wits, stumble on the solution to a Fifth Column mystery, and end up heroes with their names in the papers. The film is directed by Norman McLeod and is based on the play by Herbert Fields, and B. G. De Sylva



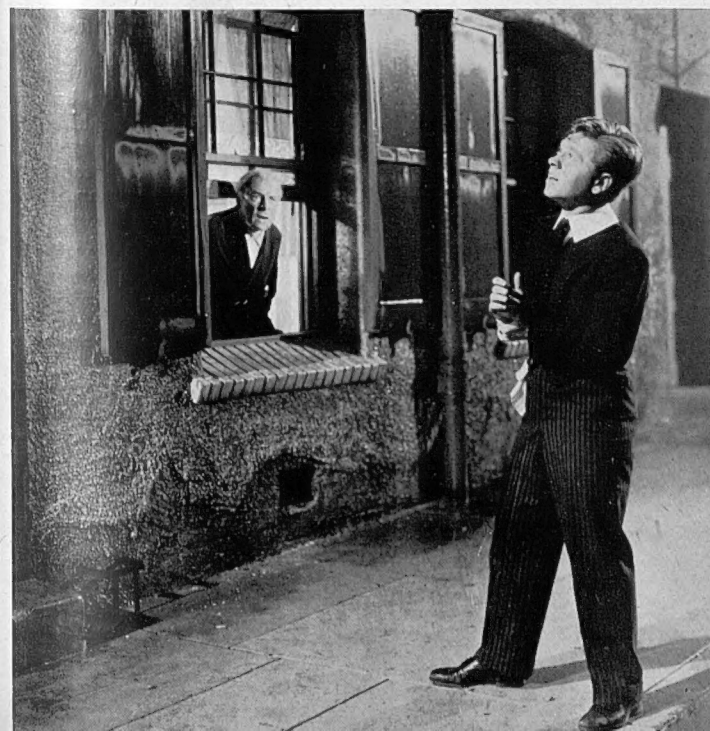
The young American boy is introduced by his stepfather to the great public school where he is to grow to manhood in the finest British tradition (Mickey Rooney, Ian Hunter)

So This Is Eton . . .

Britain's Most Famous Public School Under The Hollywood Spotlight

A Yank at Eton, directed by Norman Taurog, is M-G-M's latest presentation at the Empire. It is the story of an American boy sent to Eton by a mother who has acquired an Englishman as her second husband. Young Timothy Dennis (Mickey Rooney), star of his American high school football team, deeply resents the upheaval which carries him to England—and to Eton. His unorthodox methods get him and the friends he gathers round, into serious trouble and finally he only narrowly escapes ignominious expulsion. With Mickey Rooney as his English stepbrother is Freddie Bartholomew; Ian Hunter as his English stepfather; Marta Linden, his mother; and Edmund Gwenn his understanding housemaster. Alan Mowbray and Alan Napier are also in the cast. The film is reviewed by James Agate on the facing page

Justin, the housemaster (Edmund Gwenn), sees Timothy breaking into school late at night. He suspects Timothy of wrecking his car and when Timothy offers no explanation in defence, expulsion is threatened



Jane, known as The Runt, is Timothy's kid sister. Her appearances in school are a little unexpected—but then, this is Eton through Hollywood eyes (Mickey Rooney, Juanita Quigley)



Timothy and his English stepbrother, Peter (Freddie Bartholomew), do not see eye to eye. Timothy suspects Peter of allowing him to take the blame for his own wrong-doing and is scornful of his cowardice



At the eleventh hour, Timothy discovers the real culprit. He has his own methods of forcing a local night club proprietor (Alan Napier) to talk. Reinstated, he joins in the school sports, wins an important event, and discovers in time that Eton might not be such a bad place after all

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Home and Beauty (Playhouse)

THE revival of this frivolous comedy should help to correct the view that, as a satirical artist, Mr. Somerset Maugham draws directly from the life. Its characters—Victoria and her two husbands, at any rate, whose tangled affairs the plot unravels—can hardly be credited with so prosaic an origin. They are of imagination all, or nearly all, compact. Not very exalted imagination perhaps, but volatile enough to free them from the reproach of realism. Their genealogy, less human than fantastic, is lost in the mists of theatrical antiquity. Like their lively forbears, the wits and rattles of old comedy, they have clever heads but cool hearts. Manners are more important to them than morals. They care less for what they say and do than for the way they do and say it, and thereby challenge their impersonators, the ladies and gentlemen of the stage, to excel in style.

We had looked forward to this revival. Ever since the original production, during the first summer after the last war, the merits of this particular comedy, coupled with memories of Charles Hawtrey, had teased us with what we had missed in missing that production and him. Moreover, with Wilde back again, brighter than ever in the glowing presence of Miss Edith Evans, the time seemed more than ripe for this revival. Why should not this neglected Maugham, sponsored by fascinating Isabel Jeans and suave Ronald Squire, prove similarly good?

THE prospect was rosy. Pure comedy, we were assured, is independent of time and transcends circumstance. Was not the play by Somerset Maugham, and that in itself warrant enough for expectation? It was. Then what went wrong? Could it be that our mood was captious, or was the comedy itself not "pure" enough? For there were moments at the Playhouse when Mr. Maugham's fancy seemed

in danger of stalling, and his characters to beat their witty wings in vain. Were those moments of chequered felicity due to the things the characters said, or to possible shortcomings in the way they said them? Perhaps the productive pressure was weak. Something of the kind, we felt, must be responsible. For nothing



Left: Victoria's solicitor introduces the "official intervener" to the two husbands who are to be divorced (Kynaston Reeves and Althea Parker)

Sketches by

Tom Titt

Right: Wealthy shipowner and aspirant both to the peerage and to Victoria's hand in marriage is Mr. Leicester Paton (Antony Holles)



could have been more encouraging to delight than the picture, the loquacious picture, Miss Jeans presented, at ease on her day bed, given up partly to her manicurist, partly to her duty to the budding plot, and most of all to charming us as Victoria.

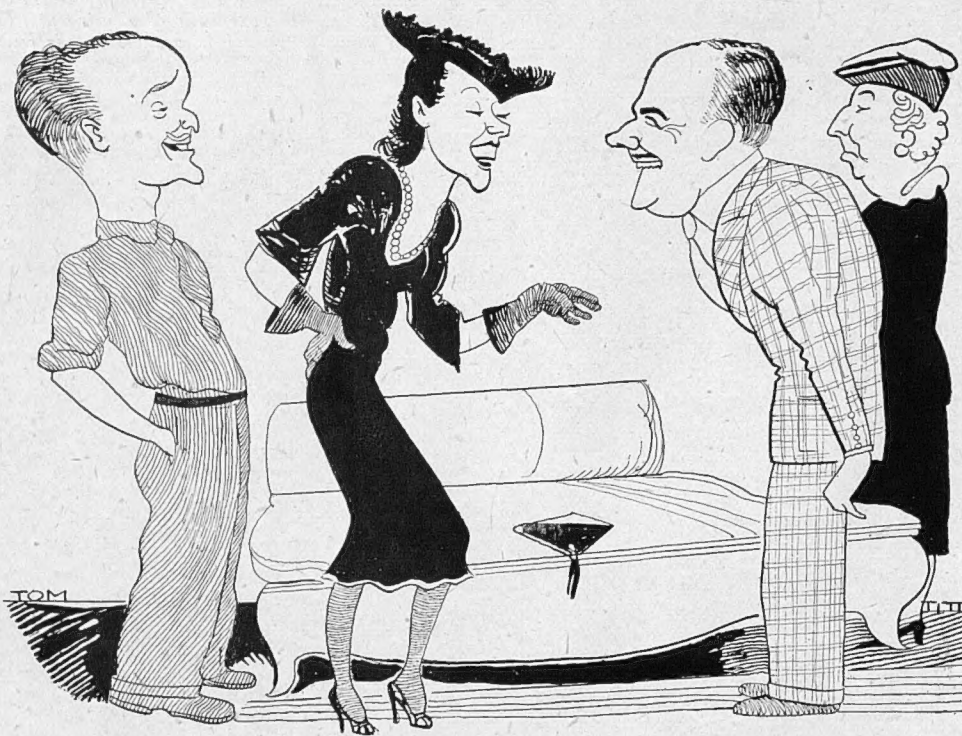
The hands were irresistibly flourished; the

in which economic precept was so partially practised, remained discouragingly cool; and the dialogue, though commendably neat, seemed reluctant to exchange the glib salutes of persiflage for the sun-warmed caresses of ripe comedy.

BUT good comedies and first-rate comedians are too rare these days to be critically underrated; and it might be juster to attribute to extraneous circumstances, rather than to the play or players, one's failure to be fully amused by these thin but ingenious variations on the eternal triangle. It is possible that firmer preparation, the creative influence of inspired production, might have eased the actors' tasks and raised the general warmth of our delight. For the acting was good.

Mr. Barry Jones, adroitly sly and ruefully deceitful, bamboozled gracefully as husband number two in possession. Mr. Ronald Squire, to whom half a comedic cue can be as fruitful as a series of cues to lesser players, seemed to bring back with him from the elysian fields—to which, as husband number one, he had been too impulsively consigned—breaths of air with a nip in them. And while Miss Jeans never faltered in radiance, somehow the first two acts seemed touched with frost. Perhaps rumour had exaggerated; perhaps one expected too much.

And then, in the third act, with the shifting of the discussion below stairs to the kitchen, the sun came out. The dialogue provoked, and our laughter became quick and continuous. The arrival of Mr. Kynaston Reeves, primed with ways and means for bringing the laws of divorce into contempt without risking contempt of court, and the forthright support of his assistant, the professional intervener with her correct tariff, completed the fusion of the play's elements and made its latest phases glow.



Victoria is well able to handle two husbands and a possible third. Her mother, Mrs. Shuttleworth, disapproves of the whole situation which is accepted so lightheartedly by the other three (Barry Jones, Isabel Jeans, Ronald Squire and Margaret Scudamore)

"Aren't Men Beasts!"

Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton
Return to Their Original Parts in
Vernon Sylvaïne's Farce



What should a defenceless dentist do when a lovely young patient (like Helen Christie) rushes into his surgery, pulls off her garter, tears her dress from her shoulder, and then declares to the outside world that it is his doing and the result of his violent love-making? Certainly Mr. Holly (Robertson Hare) doesn't know the answer.



Seeking to escape the police, Mr. Holly disguises himself as his own sister, Miss Holly. Unfortunately, his son's employer is enchanted with the charm and business acumen of the "little woman" and falls heavily for her. Warned by Mr. Thomas Potter (Roger Holly's prospective uncle-in-law) to keep up the pretence, "Miss Holly" finds himself seriously involved (Frederick Morant, Sydney King as Roger, Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton)

Aren't Men Beasts!, Vernon Sylvaïne's farce first produced in the summer of 1936, has been revived at the Garrick Theatre by Bill Linnit and Jack Dunfee with four of the original players in the parts they created. Mr. Robertson Hare appears once more as the misjudged dentist, Mr. Holly; Mr. Alfred Drayton as Thomas Potter; Ruth Maitland as the overbearing Mrs. Potter; and Frederick Morant as Roger's employer who falls so inconveniently for "Miss Holly" (none other than poor Mr. Holly, desperately disguised in order to evade the police)



Poor Mr. Holly has to suffer many indignities in seeking to evade the law. De-bagging is just one of them. Here, aided by Roger Holly, Mr. Potter pulls off the offending trousers (Alfred Drayton, Robertson Hare, Sydney King)



Trussed and bound, Mr. Holly is hidden by his two confederates in the grandfather clock. Not the least of his sufferings is caused by the ferocious striking of the clock



Roger is looking for a woman with a mole on her shoulder. Prospective bride (Faith Brook) looks on while ex-flame (Daphne Maddox) is examined

Photographs by Searbrick Studios

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The King Visits U.S. Airmen

ATTENDED by Sir Eric Mieville and Group Captain "Mouse" Fielden, the King recently paid his first official visit to stations of the American Bomber Command. He was received by Major-General Spaatz and Major-General Eaken, and was very impressed by the wonderful spirit of the men, and the magnificent power of the mighty Flying Fortresses. The royal visit was the occasion for a number of congratulations to the King's pilot, "Mouse" Fielden, who has just been given his fourth ring as a Group Captain. Group Captain Fielden commands one of our important bomber stations, and he appears in attendance on His Majesty only when royal "air occasions" fit in with intervals in the more serious work of directing a part of our offensive against Germany. The King takes a great interest in the activities of his own pilot, and knows by heart the record of successes of the pilots under his command.

Driving directly from the U.S. airfields, the King joined the Queen in the country in time to take tea with Mrs. Roosevelt, who was paying her farewell visit to their Majesties. Mrs. Roosevelt has taken plenty of notes back with her to the United States. She plans to tell her countrywomen more about the way British women have taken on new jobs, and how they have made a success of them, rather than simply talking about what they have achieved.

A Great Soldier's Family

LADY MARGARET ALEXANDER, the attractive young wife of General the Hon. Sir Harold Alexander, that gallant C.-in-C., Middle East, who has every reason to be satisfied with what the Eighth Army has done in North Africa, continues to receive congratulations on the result of her brilliant husband's efforts. It is now more than a dozen years since Lady Margaret Bingham, as she then was, was married in the Guards' Chapel of Wellington Barracks, and spent her honeymoon in Co. Tyrone, where the groom's brother, the Earl of Caledon, lent them his house. Now Lady Margaret and her young family live in a delightful old Caroline house outside Windsor Forest. It is said to have been one of the Merry Monarch's hunting-lodges. Anyway, it has a lovely old carved staircase, and beautiful old trees in the garden.

Actually it sees but little of its owner, for Lady Margaret spends most of her time in London, leaving home early and returning late, as she works very hard at the W.V.S. headquarters in Westminster, in charge of the department which deal with children under five. Lady Margaret has three children of her own, a girl Rose, who is ten, and two boys, Shane and Brian, who are seven and three respectively. Lady Margaret's sister, Lady Barbara Bevan, is also a hard war-worker. She does twelve hours a day on munitions. The Countess of Lucan, their mother, is also far from idle, as she works at the Canadian Red Cross in Berkeley Square.

Wedding at St. Mark's

MISS ELIZABETH ROSALIND WELD-FORESTER, the younger daughter of the Hon. Edric and Lady Victoria Weld-Forester, made a very pretty bride when she married Mr. Francis Holdsworth Hunt, Coldstream Guards, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, and her frock, with its white crepe jacket and net skirt, was sensibly suited to the time of year. On her fair hair there was a "top-knot" of mother-of-pearl flowers from which fell a long veil of tulle.

Lady Victoria held a reception afterwards (see facing page), and looked very well in her silver-fox cape and a chic little hat with pastel-blue and pink feathers drooping at the back. The wedding-cake needs a special mention, for it was made by the bride's mother! Although she had never even boiled an egg before the war, owing to staff "difficulties" she has taken up cooking—as well as housework!—and is doing all this in addition to her W.V.S. work. Lady Victoria's elder sister, Marjorie Lady Nunburnholme, was present with her daughter, Countess Winterton; and other relatives I also saw were Lord Carrington, with his starry-eyed wife, well wrapped in a mink jacket; Lady Moyra Forester, also in a fur jacket, with her mother, the Countess of Ossory; and the bride's sister, Mary, who is married to the Hon. Nicholas Villiers, and wore a pill-box cap of dark green with her long fur coat. Another fur-coated young married woman was pretty blonde Mrs. Thomas Clyde. Viscountess Anson was one of several proud young mothers there. She had her two tiny children, who played at the reception with the little Villiers girls.

Parliament Reopens

THE Opening of Parliament by the King is always an interesting function, even in war days, when the traditional pomp is largely reduced. On this occasion the Queen was wearing deep mourning, though she had lent a touch of colour to her outfit by wearing a large spray of Armistice Day poppies, fastened by a diamond brooch. On each occasion when the King bowed to the assembled Peers, the Queen made a charming little curtsy.

Quite a number of peeresses were present, and as their "pen" is very small, some had to go up in the gallery, where several women M.P.s found a place, while the male M.P.s, for the most part, stood up there, as well as down below, where they had followed the Speaker and his little procession. The Duchess of Devonshire, in a jacket of civet-cat fur; Alice Viscountess Wimborne, in St. John uniform; Viscountess Simon; the Earl and Countess of Lytton, she also in St. John uniform; the Duke of Sutherland; Earl Beatty, in naval uniform; Countess Beatty, who came to hear her husband move the Address; and Viscount Wimborne, whose wife came to hear him second it, were just a few of the many who helped to fill the tiny temporary chamber.

Royal Academy

I WAS lucky enough to be at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters exhibition, being held at the Royal Academy, the afternoon that her Majesty the Queen visited the exhibition. The Queen was accompanied on her tour of inspection by Sir Edwin Lutyens (President of the Royal Academy), Mr. George Harcourt (vice-president of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters), Mr. Oswald Birley and Mr. Frank Salisbury (both trustees of the Society), and her Lady-in-Waiting, the Lady Delia Peel. Her Majesty, who wore a black broadtail coat with a silver-fox collar, and a black felt "halo" hat with a lovely brooch in it, looked radiant; she was so obviously enjoying the exhibition, and took the keenest interest in every detail, and laughed often at some of the witty remarks. Sir Edwin made! The royal party stood for some time in front of the very fine portrait of the Prime Minister, painted by Mr. Frank Salisbury, which hangs in the first room; also at the portrait by Mr. Oswald Birley of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, which hangs quite near Mr. Churchill's picture. There were quite a lot of members of the public looking at the pictures at the same time, and though everyone was appreciating the presence of Her Majesty, no one crowded round the royal party or stood staring. It is always so surprising to foreigners the way our royalty can go amongst their people without getting mobbed.

(Continued on page 234)



Many of the wedding guests wore uniform, and amongst the young people at the reception were Captain Robert Steele, Miss Penelope Forbes, Miss Bronwen Williams-Wynn and Mr. Francis Whigham with another friend. The wedding ceremony was held at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Some of the Many People Who Went to the Wedding of Mr. F. Holdsworth Hunt

Two mothers who brought their children to the wedding were Lady Anson, with Patrick and Elizabeth, and the Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Villiers, whose daughters, Caroline and Nerena, later escaped from motherly supervision (see opposite page)



The wedding of Mr. Francis Holdsworth Hunt, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Elizabeth Rosalind Forester, Major the Hon. Edric and Lady Victoria Forester's younger daughter, took place on November 14th at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Lord and Lady Carrington were a young couple at the wedding and reception. They were married early this year; she was formerly Miss Iona McClean

The bride and bridegroom cut the cake with the assistance of little William Legge-Bourke, who had just come from attending his aunt, Miss Christian Grant, at her wedding to Mr. Michael Angas

Saturday Wedding

Mr. Holdsworth Hunt Marries Miss Elizabeth Forester

Photographs by Swaebe



Having a pre-view of the wedding-cake were Caroline and Nerena Villiers, the small daughters of the bride's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Villiers



Here Lady Winterton, whose husband is M.P. for Horsham and Worthing, is with the bride's father, Major the Hon. Edric Forester, at the reception. He was in the Rifle Brigade



and Miss Elizabeth Rosalind Forester, and to the Reception Afterwards

Young-marrieds there included Sir Edmund and Lady Paston-Bedingsfield, whose home is Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk. They were married last June, and she was formerly Miss Joan Rees



Major and Mrs. T. H. Hazlerigg came together to the reception. The best man at the wedding was Captain Peter Holdsworth Hunt, who, like the bridegroom, is in the Coldstream Guards



Lady Moyra Forester, whose husband, the bride's only brother, is a prisoner of war, wore a striking fur coat, and is here seen talking to Major Mills Roberts

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

This exhibition has some really lovely portraits in it, and is a very fine show of pictures, especially in wartime. After visiting this exhibition, her Majesty went on to an exhibition of Greek art in another part of the Royal Academy.

Two Little Girls in Pink

A VERY young lady who was behaving beautifully before lunch in a London hotel the other day was Lady Anne Howard, looking sweet in a pink corduroy coat, and hat trimmed with a narrow band of nutria; she was with her mother, the Duchess of Norfolk, waiting to be taken off to lunch by Nanny, who arrived to fetch her with her younger sister, Lady Mary Howard, also looking very sweet, dressed in a paler shade of pink. The Duchess has a third little daughter, born last year. Also there were the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood, very neat in bottle-green, and Mrs. Murray Smith, tall and lovely; both have their husbands serving with Cavalry regiments in the Middle East, and both Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Murray Smith were out in Cairo for some time themselves in 1940-41. Lady Abingdon, in a lovely dark mink coat, had a party of women friends lunching with her. Mrs. John Dewar, wearing a very large scarlet felt hat, came into lunch with her very attractive daughter, Miss Barbara McNeill, who has just announced her engagement to Mr. Michael Astor, Lord and Lady Astor's third son.

Mr. Louis Dreyfus had a party of four men with him. Mrs. Davis, looking, as always, terribly smart, was all in black, and had Mrs. Mollison and Miss Hermione Hussey, who is Mrs. Mollison's daughter by her previous marriage to Captain Hussey, lunching with her. Lady Jean Rankin, the Earl and Countess of Stair's younger daughter, came into lunch hatless, as did Mrs. Roddy Thesiger, the youngest daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, and sister of Lady O'Neil and Lady Long.

Out in the Autumn Sunshine

OTHERS about London enjoying a short spell of sunshine were Lord Chilston, who was our Ambassador in Moscow from 1933 to 1938; Mr. Nigel Colman, M.P., the Member for the



A Coin for Prisoners of War

Lady Prescott put sixpence in a box, towards filling a food parcel, at the Prisoners of War Exhibition, organised by the Red Cross and St. John, and opened by the Lord Mayor of London recently

Brixton Division of Lambeth; the Earl of Brecknock, in uniform, strolling up Bond Street; and Viscountess Milton, hailing a taxi in the same street. Further on I saw Mrs. Tom Hussey, looking lovely all in brown. Both her daughters of her previous marriage to the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth (now Lord Rothermere) are married. Her elder daughter, Lorna, is now the Hon. Mrs. Neill Cooper-Key, and has a small son, born last spring, and her younger daughter, Esmé, married the Earl and Countess of Cromer's son and heir, Viscount Errington, last January. Mrs. Hussey also has one son, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth. She looks so very young herself, it is incredible to think of her with a grandson!

Lady Carlisle and her sister, Mrs. John Barron, were notably smart figures in khaki in the May Fair, where lunchers included Sir John Blunt. Lord Selsdon to stay there had arrived on a motor scooter, a feasible new way of getting about, and another visitor was Colonel Lord Grimthorpe.

Miss "Bunny" Sutton looked attractive in khaki; Mr. Michael Ridpath, on leave in plain clothes, was lunching with his mother.

(Concluded on page 248)

Mr. M. F. W. Angas and Miss C. Grant

Michael F. W. Angas, Grenadier Guards, son of Major and Mrs. L. L. B. Angas, married Christian Grant, daughter of the late Colonel Sir A. Grant and the Dowager Lady Grant, at the Savoy Chapel



Hay Wrightson

Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Watson

Last April the Hon. Sybil Berry, fourth daughter of the late Lord Buckland of Bulch, and Lady Buckland, married Captain Watson, 17th-21st Lancers



Swaebø

Captain W. G. Gordon and Miss McCorquodale

Captain William Gordon Gordon, The Scottish Horse, of Lude, Blair-Atholl, Perthshire, and Miss Helen McCorquodale, elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. N. D. McCorquodale, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on November 12th



A Christening at Eton College Chapel

Aubrey Simon Lawrence, son of Lieut. Peter Lawrence, R.N.V.R., and Mrs. Lawrence, was christened at Eton College Chapel on November 14th. Here he is with his parents and godparents, Miss Pat Welsh, Mr. Humphrey Lyttelton, Grenadier Guards, and Paymaster-Lieut. Francis Tufton, R.N.V.R.



Tommy Burns, the well-known Irish jockey, saw his son, Tommy P. Burns, ride Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman's Crackerjack to victory in the Renvyle T.Y.O. Plate. He is with his wife, well wrapped up against the cold wintry wind



Captain Darley Rogers, who has been training in Ireland with great success since the outbreak of war, discussed form seriously with Mr. Tom Fletcher, the very popular Irish racehorse owner, whose home is at Ardmulchan Castle, Co. Meath



Mr. Harry Ussher, in his younger days a crack rider, now controls the famous Brackenstown racing establishment at Swords, Co. Dublin. He is with Mrs. Sweeney, daughter of Senator Parkinson

Racing at Leopardstown

St. Martin Wins the Clifton 'Chase

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Right: Lt. Tom FitzHerbert, who lost a leg in recent military manoeuvres, watched the racing with his wife and father, Mr. Eden FitzHerbert, of Swynnerton, Foxrock, Co. Dublin, the well-known Irish angler



The Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, M.V.O., M.C., escorted his wife, the former Miss Primrose O'Brien, of Drogheda. He is the Earl of Airlie's only brother, and served in the last war with the 12th Lancers and Irish Guards



Another couple watching the racing together were Captain Hall-Watt, late Scots Greys, and his wife. Mrs. Hall-Watt was for several seasons before her marriage Hon. Whip to the West Waterford Hounds



Mr. Vernon Bartlett, M.P., who has represented the Bridgwater Division of Somerset since 1938, and Mrs. Donal O'Sullivan enjoyed a quiet smoke between races. Mrs. O'Sullivan is the wife of Mr. Donal O'Sullivan, of Cairn Hill, Foxrock, Co. Dublin

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IN their swoop round Oran the American troops gave, we trust, a passing hello for 'old times' sake to Sidi-bel-Abbès, which has done so much for Hollywood.

Whether this dusty but romantic Aldershot of French Africa is still the headquarters of the Foreign Legion we can't discover. Anyhow it has given the novelist and film boys a good run, not to speak of all those indignant Anglo-Saxon deserters from the Legion who not long ago used to cash in on books saying what utter hell it was, how rude everybody was, how they never got a single game of cricket or a decent cup of tea, how un-English all those dark foreign faces were, and so forth. Whether this was more poodle-pie than the Beau Geste stuff is a nice question. Only two Englishmen have dealt properly with the Legion, so far as we know—John Gibbons, who debunked all the fancy stuff a few years ago, and A. E. W. Mason, in one of whose earliest novels, *The Truants*, there are some admirable pictures of Legion life.

We once drew up a film-scenario for a British corporation with a scene showing a company-officer of the Legion kindly helping Legionnaire X at Sidi-bel-Abbès with his homework and reading through his MS. on the eve of desertion. It ended, rather sensationally:

CAPT. DUPONT: Admirable. A fearless exposé. Grips, horrifies, and fascinates. And who are your publishers, *mon enfant*?

LEG. X: Goober and Goober, *mon capitaine*.

CAPT. DUPONT: Try Guttwaltz—he'll give you all the film-rights. Present my card and ask for "Tiny."

LEG. X: But—what do you know about London publishers, *mon capitaine*?

CAPT. DUPONT: I am one, you fool.

It turned out later that Capt. Dupont had a Good Woman in his Past, and for that reason the film boys turned our scenario down flat. Come clean, they said angrily. A good woman in a London publisher's life—quit foolin', boy, they said.

Birdie

SWALLOWS are such saps, we gather from Auntie *Times's* Nature boy, that as late as October 30th there was a swallow hanging round the main street of Battle (Sussex) in the cold and damp when he might have been revelling with his little playmates in Africa.

It may be that the illuminate loveliness of the inhabitants of Battle has got this swallow (*hirundo rustica*) so crazy that he doesn't give a damn for African sunshine. This was one thing which didn't occur to Théophile Gautier when he wrote that exquisite poem

about the swallows discussing their migration plans, cheering for Greece, Egypt, Turkey, Rhodes, and the sun-white terraces of Malta:

Aux blanches terrasses de Malte,
Entre l'eau bleue et le ciel bleu.

In Gilbert White's time, swallows used to fool round Oxford till late in the year, apparently. But that is explicable; the wondrous wisdom and spiritual beauty of the dons hypnotised them, especially when, after dining out, the dons rolled homewards, full, as the poet Belloc has remarked pensively:

... of ancient tales, and port,
And sleep—and learning of a sort.

Afterthought

BUT why Battle, unless (as our information is) the women of that place with their dark, burning, brooding eyes behind those veils, their provocative carriage, their gay exotic dress, the haunting melancholy songs they sing behind the lattice, the tall Nubian slaves who guard them, and the sadistic jealousy of the men of Battle, secret, cruel, and hawk-faced, have fooled that swallow into believing he's in Africa already? Ring up the Rural District Council and say it's Agatha.



"I'm from the Ministry of Supply;
didn't you rub the lamp?"

Rescue

THOUGH far from the spacious days of good King Edward, when Elgar could dash off passages for forty harps, we feel one of the music critic boys beefing the other day about a certain orchestra being "too bulky" for a certain piece, or vice-versa, was overdoing it in the other direction.

More compact orchestras on these occasions, we learn in the music world, would mean compression, and for one thing lady

harpists would have to sit on oboes' knees, a prospect which rightly alarms them. Oboes are notorious for "wildness," and to hug or squeeze a lady harpist while engaged on some elaborate cadenza is just their tea. Concert-goers may remember the gallant act some years ago of a business man who rushed forward at Queen's Hall to protect one of these hapless, girl victims of woodwind licentiousness. The incident was put into emotional ballad-metre, ending:

He placed his arm around that
wah girl's shoulder
And said "I will protect you,
never fear!"

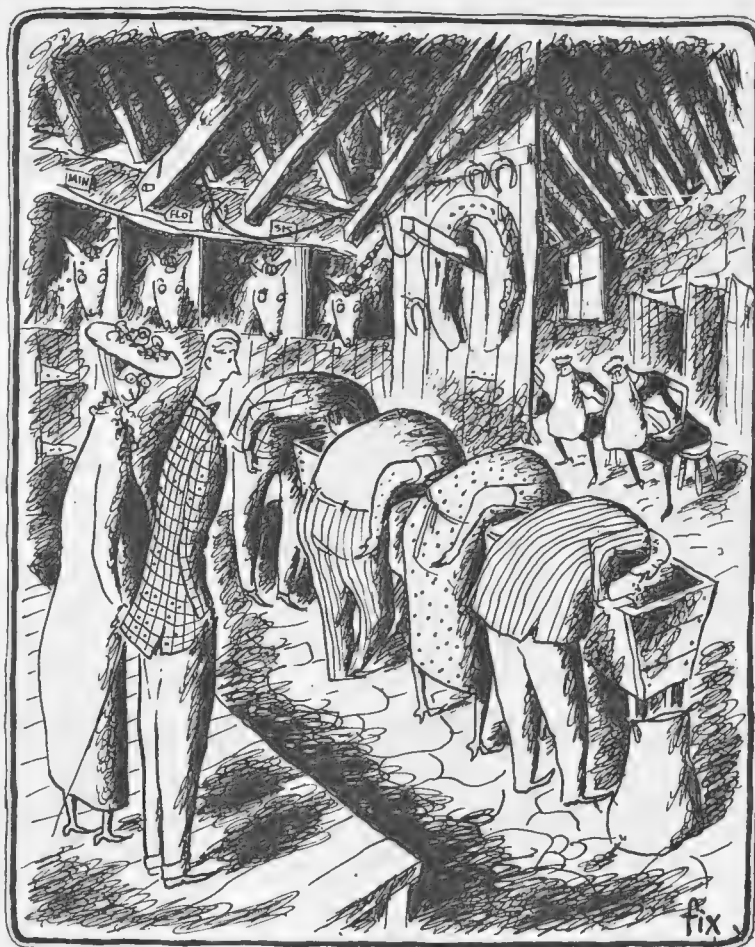
And as his strong and pitying
arms embraced her,
Down every critic's cheek there
rolled a tear;

"Play us a song of 'auld lang
syne'!" he shouted,
Sir Henry gladly seized his
little stick,

And to the old, old tune of
"Annie Laurie"
The audience crooned, and some
of them were sick.

The Press gave this incident a fine splash ("Amazing Queen's Hall Sensation Bomb-shell Drama.—Mystery £50,000 Business Man Saves £10-a-Week Girl Harpist from Oboe's Clutch—Mother's Cry: "He Has Rescued My Baby From Worse Than Death!") except the *Times*, which said "Brahms Concert at Queen's Hall.—A Problem of Tempo."

(Concluded on page 238)



"We all eat like horses when we come to the farm"



Fred Daniels

Deborah Kerr and Her Dogs

For the last four or five months, Deborah Kerr has been hard at work on a new British picture, *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, which is now nearing completion at Denham. In the film, this twenty-year-old star of the British screen has three parts. In Boer War days she appears as a governess; in 1914-1918 as a nurse, and, finally, in 1942 as an M.T.C. driver. In each of these parts she typifies the kind of girl a Blimp loves—for in his loves, as in the pattern of his life, Colonel Blimp runs true to form. The two lovely spaniels photographed above are Erik and Spangle who appear with her in the second part of the film. In real life, they belong to film producer-director Michael Powell, who, with Emeric Pressburger, is producing and directing *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*. Their attachment to Deborah, however, since they were first introduced a few months ago, has grown so strong that they are now more frequently to be found at the heel of their new mistress "by adoption" than anywhere else in the studios

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Memento

IF we were one of the terribly cultured boys who write for the *Spectator*, God forbid, we should be quoting you large impressive slabs of Xenophon, Plato, Menander, Simonides, Aratos, Epistemon of Delos, Periscopolos of Melos, old Uncle Tom Thucydides and all on the subject of the tragic recent repetition of history in the Egyptian Desert and those six starving, thirsty Italian divisions abandoned by the Boche. Nobody has noted it so far. Fifty thousand Persian troops who starved, went mad, and perished in the same way lie somewhere under the sand on the road to Siwa Oasis. Ordered by Cambyses in 525 B.C. to sack the shrine of the Oracle at Siwa, they were presumably lost in sandstorms and never seen again. No archaeologist has yet dug up a fragment of their armour. Maybe archaeologists shirk such an arduous "dig," though, of course archaeologists—did you know?—don't dig themselves. They employ hordes of sun-baked sweating serfs, meanwhile drinking iced whisky in their tent, fanning off the flies, cutting down the paysheets, dozing, playing patience, and feeling pretty good. We know one or two archaeologists and don't think much of the way they dodge manual labour. Still, their work takes them far afield, and no doubt their wives have no objection.

Handbook

THE word "propaganda" has been so foully debased that one hesitates to apply it to anything decent (hence the Hesitation Waltz, the only relaxation of the Min. of Inf. boys as they sweep their lovely

partners round, pausing ever and anon to scratch their heads and gaze with wild surmise into the lucent orbs of their admirers).

However, there is still good propaganda, and a new illustrated booklet called *Thirty Questions About Belgium* issued by M. Motz, Director of the Belgian Information Office, seems to us an example. All the questions asked about Belgium's war-effort by dumbos, M.P.s, Old Sedberghians, and others are answered here briefly and clearly. The position of King Leopold, which inspired a few noisy cretins to burst into a premature song of hate two years ago, is placed beyond doubt. Whether he should have stuck by his Army, as he did, or escaped to this country is a question for the future (and for the Belgians). That he behaved like a soldier and a king and a loyal Ally is obvious, and he is now a prisoner of war and immensely popular.

Guerdon

CATCHING sight of old Mr. Sheridan in an Oxford coffee-house, Dr. Johnson bawled: "Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Sheridan, how came you to give a gold medal to Home for writing that foolish play?" For old Mr. Sheridan had taken it upon himself to award a medal to Mr. Home for writing *Douglas*, and his conceit annoyed the Doctor.

What Dr. Johnson would have said to that Left Wing Organ of Opinion which, we observe, is handing out the medal of the "Order of Industrial Heroism" to the citizenry—or maybe those of the citizenry who are registered readers—we can well conjecture. He would have asked these boys with a roar who the Devil they think they are to usurp the functions of the Executive. On the other hand there are citizens who love medals of any kind—bicycling medals, teetotal medals, golf medals, confectionery medals, gardening medals, and what have you—as passionately as Slogger Goering, so



"Whenever I'm in the dumps I get a new hat."

"I wondered where you got 'em"

perhaps the Fleet Street boys, our comrades and soulmates, are filling a long-felt want.

Our feeling is that they should start all together by decorating their oldest readers, the Old Guard, the champions, the unconquered, scarred and battered and undismayed by years of frontal attack; headlines bursting like H.E. and shrapnel, colossal sensation-bombshells, Tibetan devil-dances and firework orgies, and all the fun of the fair. The Old Guard dies, but does not surrender; or if you prefer what Cambronne really said at Waterloo, maybe that's their rude cry also.

Grue

SPEAKING of the Old Guard, one of the military authorities who recently referred to the sterling behaviour of Napoleon's veterans at Waterloo didn't mention their appearance, which was pretty terrifying. Mustachioed giants, seasoned in a hundred battles, sombrely greatcoated in blue, with tall bearskins devoid of ornament—a striking contrast to all those gay hussars in their multicoloured plumage and fal-lals, and even to the French infantry of the Line, in their white breeches and gaiters—the Old Guard swung into attack with measured step, keeping formation under the deadliest fire. They wore their hair powdered and in queue. Gold earrings the size of a shilling added the final disturbing touch. Another interesting point is that the Old Guard carried their parade uniform (for the triumphal entry into Brussels) in their packs during the entire battle of Waterloo. This brought their total load of arms and equipment up to 65 lb. per man, a nice little packet to fight under. But it's the earrings that give us the light shiver. Worn by some kinds of women they're sinister enough. Worn by huge hairy men they add a hint of devilry even to the round, ruddy, innocent pans of East Coast fishermen, the nicest, mildest chaps on earth, as also are some of those unshaven Sicilian farmers, likewise earringed, who look so difficult. It scares us. Is there a Freudian bonze in the house?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I'm not allowed to take you to the third—but I'll take you to the fourth and you can walk down one . . ."



With the Dogs in the Garden at Blankney

Autumn Days at Blankney

The Countess of Londesborough With
Her Daughter and Her Sister-in-Law,
the Marchioness of Carisbrooke

Lady Londesborough Takes Her Daughter for a Ride



Lady Carisbrooke Works the See-Saw

The Countess of Londesborough is the widow of the fourth Earl of Londesborough, who died in 1937. She was formerly Miss Marigold Lubbock and is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Edgar Lubbock and of the late Lady Kesteven. Her daughter, Zinnia Rosemary, was born in 1937, after the death of her husband, when the Earldom became extinct. The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, formerly Lady Irene Denison, is Lady Londesborough's sister-in-law, and was staying with her at Blankney Hall, Lincoln, where these pictures were taken. Lady Londesborough was joint-Master, with her husband, of the Blankney Foxhounds from 1933 until his death four years later. She was at one time Senior Commandant of the Auxiliary Territorial Service

Photographs by Compton Collier

Twenty-Three Years Elapse . . .

Yet "Home and Beauty" Still Holds London Audiences at the Playhouse with its Maugham Wit and Cynicism



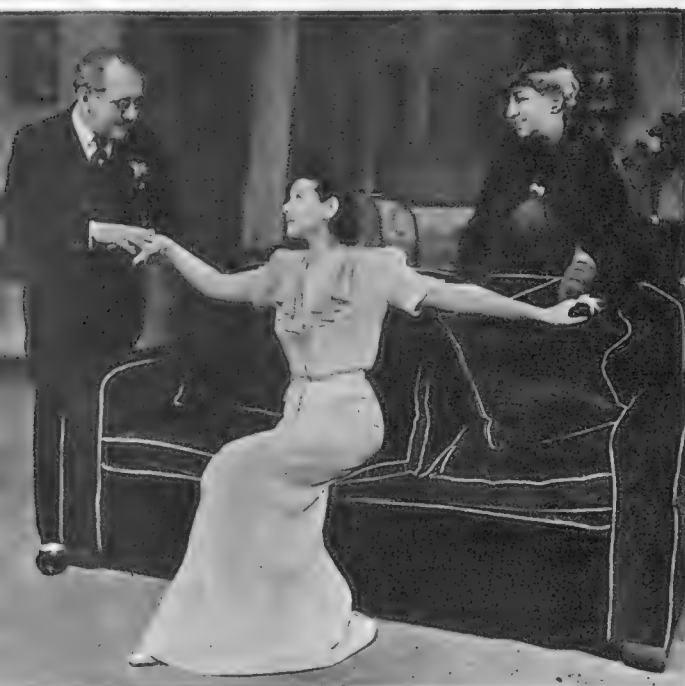
William (Ronald Squire) is reported killed in 1916. After a memorial service and a decent interval in which to appear most becomingly in widow's weeds, Victoria (Isabel Jeans) marries his best friend, Frederick (Barry Jones). After eighteen months of second marriage, William most inopportunistically reappears, to the consternation of both Victoria and Frederick



1919: Jean Cadell appears as Miss Montmorency, the very unpromising "official intervener"



1919: Lottie Venne appears as Mrs. Shuttleworth, Victoria's adoring, but not entirely disinterested, mother



Two husbands, "both Majors and both D.S.O.s," are not sufficient for Victoria. She finds the attentions of Mr. Leicester Paton (Antony Holles), wealthy shipowner and aspirant to the peerage, infinitely attractive, and in this is encouraged by her mother (Antony Holles, Isabel Jeans, Margaret Scudamore)



Victoria, who has lost all her servants, finds useful employment for her two superfluous husbands in the kitchen. William undertakes the cooking, Frederick the housework. William has unconventional methods of cooking, the fundamental principle of which he believes to be organisation which will reduce labour to a minimum



Poor William, who some lovely "intervener" the law for the no solicitor in the play played by Jean Cadell



1919: Gladys Cooper, at that time known as the loveliest woman on the English stage, daringly played the opening bedroom scene in *négligé*

1919: Gladys Cooper with her two husbands, William (Charles Hawtrey) on left, Frederick (Malcolm Cherry) on right. Frederick and William are drawing lots for the honour of remaining Victoria's husband. Neither is over-enthusiastic. In fact, in . . .

Once again, after an interval of twenty-three years, the playhouse provides the setting for Somerset Maugham's *Home and Beauty*, a cynical comedy of woman's infidelity and man's willing acquiescence. Although there is nothing here to bring blushes to the hardened countenances of to-day, one can well imagine the pleasantly outraged matrons who witnessed this comedy nearly a quarter of a century ago, their husbands chuckling delightedly at their discomfiture. Ronald Squire, Isabel Jeans and Harry Jones now take the parts created originally by Charles Hawtrey, Gladys Cooper and Malcolm Cherry, and reproductions from *The Tatler* of October 12th, 1919, are reprinted here in order to recall the original presentation which caused such a stir after the last war



. . . 1942, the same scene finds Frederick trying hard to swallow the piece of paper which disclosed his willingness to hand over Victoria to William. William, however, is equally determined not to win Victoria and is ready to fight for fair play



Right: The Grand Finale finds Frederick and William alone in the house. Victoria has gone to mother's. Solemnly they drink a toast: "To Victoria's third husband," says William. "God help him!" fervently echoes Frederick. Curtain



his mind's eye, has visualised an evening with who will thus provide the evidence required by every divorce, meets the fate provided by Victoria's of Miss Montmorency, the "official intervener" 1919 and by Althea Parker in this present production

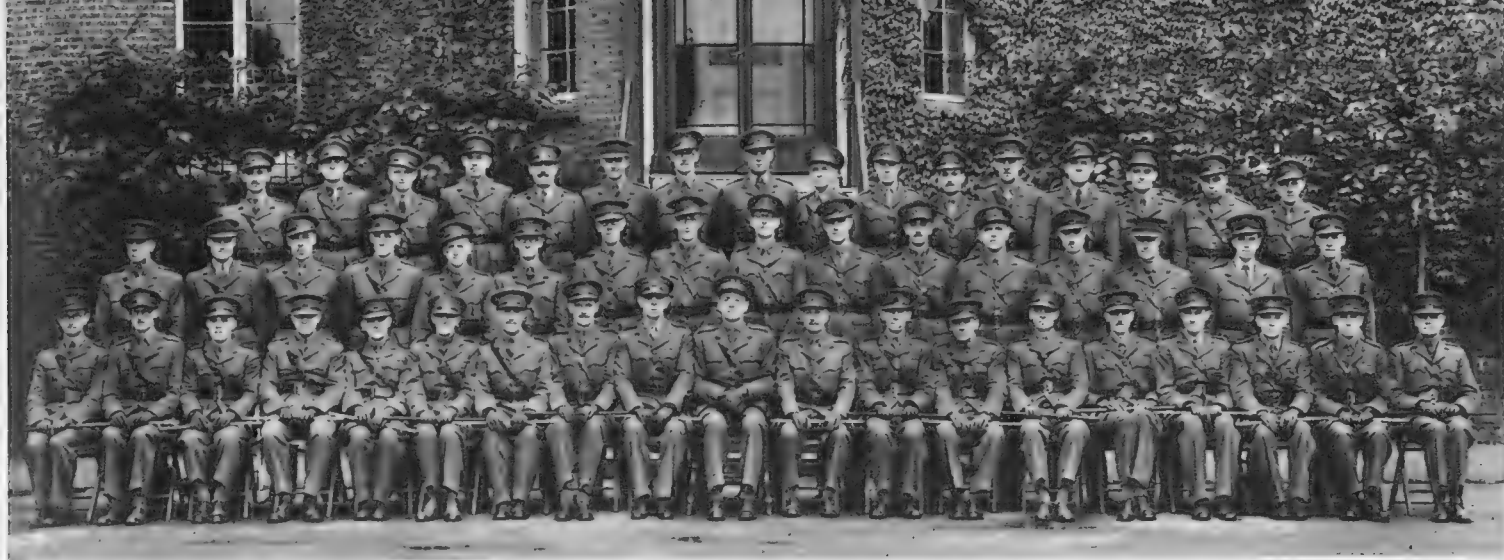
Photographs by Swarbrick Studios



Happy Landing; or Practice Makes Perfect

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

When ducks cease to swim, tanks will begin to float. Meanwhile, in order to impress on Very Senior Officers the simplicity of landing a Valentine Mark III. from a tank-landing craft, it is desirable to ensure that it doesn't slip off the ramps into the sea. It is surprising how much water gets sprayed about by the Caterpillars



Officers of a Central Ordnance Depot

Front row: Capts. C. T. C. Maddocks, H. R. Saunders, L. A. Coates, J. B. Wright; Majors A. E. Kerswill, L. L. Lewis, A. F. Shelton, S. Preston, W. D. Carberry, M.B.E.; Col. D. S. Robinson; Majors F. L. Hird, M.C., H. S. Briers, F. Bramley, M.M.; Capt. A. H. Dosseter; Major C. R. O'Neill; Capts. J. Gilbert, A. de S. Hutton, L. P. Smellie, G. L. Barnsley. Middle row: Lieuts. R. Moon, C. W. Downes, J. A. Kind; Capt. J. R. Stephen; Lieut. T. G. Jones; 2nd Lieut. J. W. Johnson; Lieut. C. H. Webber; 2nd Lieut. G. T. Freed; Lieuts. G. W. Clarke, J. A. Fitzgerald; Capts. L. J. Manning, O. W. Partington, A. C. Thompson, E. W. Whale, A. Redman, A. R. Robinson. Back row: Lieuts. J. A. Howell, J. E. Carryer; 2nd Lieut. C. B. Williams; Lieuts. E. C. Bean, A. Landau, T. H. Foster; 2nd Lieut. D. K. Carr; Lieuts. H. R. Jackson, W. O. P. Rosedale; 2nd Lieut. H. W. Oailey; Lieuts. L. Gassman, H. J. Laing; Capt. H. W. Edwards; 2nd Lieut. L. G. Kemp; Lieuts. F. S. Quittner, W. Moss

On Active Service



Officers of a Battalion of the K.O.S.B.

Front row: Majors C. G. Sherrif, W. P. Moody; Miss McNab; the Commanding Officer; H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, Colonel-in-Chief; Major-Gen. Sir Edward Broadbent, K.C.B., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Colonel of the Regiment); Miss Eva Sandford; Capt. T. D. Sanderson; Major H. S. Gillies. Middle row: Capts. W. I. G. Wison (Padre), J. T. Skinner, M.M., C. G. Stonor; Major L. G. S. Sanderson; Capt. C. E. Eastman; Lieut. J. Gray; 2nd Lieut. G. A. Duncan; Lieut. E. S. Dove; Capts. R. E. Laurie, P. C. Blair; Lieut. Sir William Jardine, Bt.; Capt. G. E. Barker; Lieut. J. Allen, R.A.M.C. Back row: Lieut. T. J. Young; 2nd Lieuts. B. W. Gray, F. B. Hindmarsh, A. G. Harrison, H. A. Richardson, K. Taylor; Lieuts. E. J. Merrette, J. Lewin

(Right) Front row: Capts. R. K. Murphy, J. R. Nixon; Majors P. E. O. Bryan, P. M. C. Clark (Canadian Army); the Commanding Officer; Majors H. O. Lovell, A. H. Miskin; Capts. J. H. D. Sibree, R. L. Clarke. Second row: Lieuts. D. S. de C. Howard, H. E. Huskisson; Capt. D. G. Sheffield; Lieuts. P. M. Peerless, N. H. Edden; Capts. J. A. Smith, K. B. Scott, I. H. Roper; Lieut. F. W. P. Taylor; Rev. D. W. G. Lawson, C.F. Third row: 2nd Lieuts. E. A. Lockley, H. A. Jonas; Lieut. M. S. Gale; 2nd Lieut. S. Stewart; Lieut. J. A. Maling; 2nd Lieuts. E. M. Mulhall, M. C. Wood; Lieut. J. A. Eason. Back row: Lieuts. B. K. Ker, R. J. M. Bernau; 2nd Lieut. G. K. Debrates; Lieuts. J. S. Hughes, B. H. Valentine



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Battalion of the Buffs, Somewhere in England

Front row: Majors J. J. Corbett, D. Robertson; the Commanding Officer; Capts. T. D. M. Parker, B. J. Harris St. John. Middle row: Capts. F. J. Crouch, T. Lemmon, C. F. Bailey; 2nd Lieuts. C. F. Hatton, M. Stainer; Lieuts. J. W. Fraser, J. W. F. Swann. Back row: Capts. J. M. Teesdale, W. P. Hogarth; 2nd Lieut. K. J. Gardiner; Rev. S. J. Kirby, C.F.; Lieuts. C. J. P. Hurst, H. A. Collins, W. Molton (Q.M.)



Officers of a Battalion of The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Derby Winter Favourite

WHEN Newmarket says anything about a Newmarket-trained horse we ought to cock our ears and listen attentively. At the moment Newmarket says that not only will Nasrullah (second to Lady Sybil in the Free Handicap) be the winter favourite for the 1943 Derby, which, unless . . . will be run at Newmarket, but will probably win it! G.H.Q. adds a rider to the effect that if the Derby should not be run at Newmarket but at Epsom, then things might be very different where Nasrullah is concerned. I fancy that most people who have seen this long and hefty colt will agree entirely. Personally, I am certain that the Epsom Ups and Downs would beat him. If Nasrullah does not win next year's Derby, then the sages seem to think that the Aga Khan's other one, Umiddad, who, it will be remembered, won the seven-furlong Dewhurst from Straight Deal by a neck, will do so. If the two were pitted against one another at Epsom, I do not think that personally I should take very much time in making up my mind. The Official Handicapper says that Umiddad is 1 lb. inferior to Nasrullah. On the book I suppose the prophets are quite entitled to say that Nasrullah is due to the vote, taking a line through Straight Deal, because in the five-furlong Coventry Stakes he scored very stylishly by one and a half lengths from that colt, whereas Umiddad only beat Straight Deal a neck in the Dewhurst, and this after Straight Deal had had a hearty "preliminary." He got rid of his jockey at the post and then, even after the ensuing frolic, very nearly won. I think he must have won but for this escapade. So what?

How About Some Others?

SUPPOSING we think of Straight Deal? Nasrullah may be all that his friends say, but it is as well to remember that he did not cover himself with glory in the six-furlong Middle Park Stakes, for which he was backed down to odds on. He was beaten fairly and squarely by Lord Rosebery's nice filly, Ribbon, who, the handicapper says, is 3 lb. his inferior. How do we know that this colt is "bound to stay" or that "stamina is his long suit," even though he is by that good sire, Nearco? Does his record bear close scrutiny? I suggest that it

does not. I am not overfond of anything that takes a long time to get up steam. They said that this was the reason for his defeat in the Middle Park, but as I read that race, he was not galloping on at the finish, and this rather discounts the theory that he had only begun to get the works moving when Ribbon beat him. Frankly, I prefer them with a bit less length: if a hand were cut off behind the saddle he would look much more like the job. Putting all the fillies on one side for the moment, if my supposition is correct that Straight Deal would have won the seven-furlong Dewhurst Stakes but for that little unauthorised gallop before the start, are not his claims superior? The Handicapper says that Straight Deal is 5 lb. worse than Nasrullah. We shall see! I would rather take a price about him for the Derby than about any other. And on top of it all, perhaps no colt will win it! Both Lady Sybil and Ribbon might go for it, and there is also Sun Blind, whom I decline to think of as disgraced. However, it is far too early yet to get het up about things, and perhaps all surmises may be upset by their running the Derby on its native heath. If this happens, there might be a nice bit of money to be picked up out of having some people whom we know on view in cages at 6d. a peep.

Only Ten Jumpers for Ireland

MISS DOROTHY PAGET is the only owner who has thought it worth while to send any horses to Ireland for the jumping season, the rest of them apparently thinking that the risk and expense are too great. They are possibly right, for both are considerable and the possible profit might not cover outlay. Another year over the head of the unsexed is not so serious a matter as is the same period to the fully-sexed flat-race horse, but it must, nevertheless, mean beginning all over again with the out-of-work jumper, for the best of them forget how to go very fast over obstacles, as it is their business to do. Nowadays there is not much chance of letting them keep their eye in by hunting them, because there is not enough of the kind of hunting that is of any use to them going on at the moment. Taking a horse accustomed to flying them to a creep-and-crawl country is of no use at all. It would probably ruin his nerve.



Johnson, Oxford
A Crown Prince at Oxford

Crown Prince Olaf of Norway was watching the Rugger match between Oxford University and Guy's Hospital, on the Ifley Road ground at Oxford, when this picture was taken. Prince Olaf was himself a student at Balliol College

It is a pity that no middle way could have been found—such as, for instance, a curtailed N.H. season on the regional system. At the time of the decision to cut the lot, I understand that certain things were cooking which have since caused some other things to happen, and also that no one knew exactly whether certain other things might not have to happen very quickly: but as matters have actually gone it seems doubly hard on owners, trainers and jockeys. However, this is just one of the many curses of war. Included in Miss Dorothy Paget's expeditionary force are Roman Hackle and Kilstar, both very high class, and she still has in Ireland Golden Jack, who ran second to the Irish crack, Prince Regent, in their Grand National at Fairyhouse on April 6th this year. Nothing is too good to send into battle against such champions as Prince Regent and St. Martin, which latter, I believe, is about as good as anything that ever looked through a bridle.

Gentlemen of the Jury

REALISING to the full the hideous risk run by anyone who may venture to question the pronouncements of so august a body as the Brains Trust, I am, nevertheless, going to challenge their joint and several assertion that juries, and trials by them, are of as modern



D. R. Stuart
Members of the Parachute Rugby XV.

The first Parachute Rugby fifteen has recently been formed, and the members play their matches in week-ends. Their first match was against Rosslyn Park, and resulted in a draw. Four players, seen above, are Captain A. Bush, Pte. Robinson, Lieut. G. W. Street and Lieut. R. C. Lapage



D. R. Stuart
Rugby Players for St. Bartholomew's

These three members of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Rugger XV. are all ex-Cambridge Blues. Their names are J. H. Gibson (secretary), J. P. Stephens (captain) and C. S. M. Stephen. They play their matches on Saturdays, and have beaten Middlesex and St. Thomas's Hospital



Poole, Dublin

Opening Meet in Ireland

Mrs. Angel, wife of P/O. George Angel, R.A.F., a former Master of the Thurles and Kildare and of the North Kilkenny Hounds, brought her son, Timothy, to the opening meet of the Killing Kildares at Johnstown Inn, near Naas



Johnson, Oxford

Steve Celebrates His Real Birthday

Steve Donoghue, famous jockey and trainer, is seen in the bar of his home at Blewbury, Berks., with Mr. and Mrs. James Bennett and Mrs. Pat Donoghue, his daughter-in-law. He had always believed his birthday to be October 15th, but recently discovered the real date to be November 8th, hence this celebration

and British origin as they averred. I put it to them that juries were quite well known in the days of ancient Greece, and that counsel of those early days were wont to address them as "andres dikastai," and that a juror's fee was originally one obol, about a penny-halfpenny English, and that it was later increased to three obols—i.e., fourpence ha'penny. This fee was referred to as to *dikastikon*! If there was a fee, there certainly was a juror. I recall having had the pleasure of reading some of the Law Reports of the Athenian Courts (in very easy Greek), and one stuck in my memory because it had to do with a professional perjurer. He had been asked in his examination-in-chief: "Are you a hoplite?" and had answered with great readiness, "Yes!" In his cross-examination by defending counsel something like this happened: "You have told m'learned friend that you are a heavy infantryman and have served in the operations in Thrace?" The Witness: "Yes, Guv'nor! Tha'sright!" "I put it to you that you are nothing of the sort; that you have never been in the army, that you are actually a costermonger and that you were not, upon the material date with which we are dealing, within a hundred miles of the spot where the crime with which my client is charged, is alleged to have been committed!"

Prosecuting Counsel: "M'lud, I must object unless—"

Defending Counsel: "M'lud, if m'learned friend will only restrain his impetuosity I was about to add that I propose to call the adjutant of the regiment, in which the witness asserts that he served, to prove that this man was never in it, and—"

His Lordship: "Proceed, Mr. Agonistes!"

It was something very like this, anyway, and read exactly like any report you can find in any London paper to-day. Anyway, about *andres dikastai* and their miserable fourpenny-ha'penny fee, there is absolutely no doubt.

More Comfortable Quarters

At the time of writing, Hitler's star Traffic Cop has not done the only thing which one would have supposed that a long-headed German would have done—surrender at discretion. Surely the fate of the Family Butcher (Von Bock) and others must have told him that he will be in far more comfortable (and safer) quarters with us than he will be in Berlin? Von Bock told Hitler "Stalingrad is ours!" What happened? Rommel said, "Alexandria and the key to Egypt is ours!" He is not an absolute dolt; he must know what is coming to him, unless the German General Staff is at last fed up with Der Führer and bumps him off. The highly-trained German military specialists surely must have had enough of this silly, posturing little corporal?



"Mopping Up at Newmarket": by "The Tout"

At the final meeting at Newmarket were Gordon Richards, once more top of the winning jockeys, and Fred Darling, who heads the winning trainers' list, their outstanding success being their association with the King's smashing pair, Big Game and Sun Chariot. C. W. Marriott, vigilant Clerk of the Newmarket Course and rigid disciplinarian, has been the Jockey Club's Custodian of the Heath for thirty years or more. E. Cooper Bland has the Rutland Stud, near Newmarket, where the 1938 Derby winner, Bois Roussel, now stands. The Hon. Francis Egerton, Lord Ellesmere's brother, naturally takes a very keen interest in horses bred at the Stewchworth Stud. Captain E. Hope trains with Jock Gaskell at headquarters, and Sir Eric Ohlson won the Houghton Handicap with Hare Bell. Bobby Jones is the Jockey's scratch golfer

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Autobiography

To write the story of one's own life should be easy—nothing need be invented; from the real scenes and real characters crowding the memory one need do nothing more than select. The plot has provided itself, and is seldom dull. And one's interest in the subject is not likely to flag—for oneself is a subject of the first interest.

So one might think. All this might appear true—to those who have either not tackled autobiography-writing, or not been exposed to the output of those too many people who, with too artless confidence, *have*. The fact is that the first-rate autobiography, able to stand on its own as a work of art, is rare. I should like to invite readers to make a list of autobiographers, of whatever country, whom they consider to be of the first rank. Compared to two other lists they might make—of major biographers and of major novelists—I feel sure they would find the first remarkably short. One might say, of course, that *concealed* autobiography is present in most forms of creative writing: many novelists make their own lives their material; many biographers turn to their own experience in order to translate that of their subject. The honest biographer may, even, confess to you that he feels most drawn to the character who in some way (though only he may perceive this) resembles himself.

The "straight" autobiography, of true value, is therefore, let us agree, rare. Both shyness and pride must be overcome before one can deal with the direct "I," before one can write about oneself, tell one's own story, with detachment, authority and simplicity. Also—the first rule for all writers—"one must interest." To be interesting needs great selective skill. The memories must be given an order that shall be intelligible to other people, as well as genuine to oneself. Sensibility—in the writing of autobiography, as in the writing of poetry—is the ultimate guide. But the critical faculty comes into play, too. And one must not lose sight of the fact that one is telling a story.

Mr. Siegfried Sassoon is one of our few born autobiographers. As a poet, he felt the force of moments as they occurred—but also, he has been able to revive them. His *The Weald of Youth* (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.) is full of vital re-captured moments, for the years covered are those of his very young manhood: the book ends with the start of the 1914 war. The first chapter opens in 1909, with the elation of seeing an early poem in print. In charm, in variety and in interest, the book gains much from the writer's two-sided life. Here we have no tale of the orthodox literary aspirant, deserting the open air, despising outdoor activity and seeking some cultured fastness, full of an inky gloom. Hunting and cricket played as great a part in Mr. Sassoon's youth as the writing of poetry and the meeting of intellectuals. One feels that

English literature might have gained if, in the lives of more writers, either this, or an equivalent balance, could have been as truly kept. The breach between Heartbreak House and Horseback Hall occurred, I suppose, towards the end of the last century, and its effects are not ceasing to be regrettable. On the whole, we have to turn to the Russian novels for really living accounts of sport. English sport has not yet the literature (I do really mean *literature*) it deserves. On the other hand, much of our literature is impaired by having an indoor, finicky atmosphere.

Mr. Sassoon, in the different parts of his autobiography—in some, as you will no doubt remember, he thinly veils himself as "George Sherston," but in *The Weald of Youth* he no longer uses this veil—does much to close this breach between indoor and outdoor life. Over every scene he describes, therefore, hangs a sort of eagerness and exhilaration. The riding of a race and the tea-party at the Gosses' in Regent's Park, the cricket match and the breakfast with Rupert Brooke, the young people's dance in the Kentish country house, and the interview in the daunting editor's office, are all stamped with their first youthful zest for experience—for its own sake, of whatever a kind. This is, in fact, a fine book about being young. Those ambitious, shy, lonely months in London haunt one. There are memorable portraits of writers—each with his mild affectation—seen with youth's eager and sometimes puzzled eye. And over the country home, as over the Weald, hangs perpetually an early-morning light. That the prose style is beautiful, simple, fluid and evocative does not need to be said.



Editor—Author—Airman

Mr. Noel Barber's latest book, "*Trans-Siberian*," is reviewed below. The author is well known as a broadcaster on both Home and Empire wavelengths. Formerly Editor of the "*Overseas Daily Mail*," he is now in the R.A.F. The above portrait is reproduced from a crayon drawing by Leslie Illingworth, "*Daily Mail*" and "*Punch*" cartoonist

Life on a Train

To lovers of great trains and of long journeys—but not to these only—do I commend *Trans-Siberian*, by Noel Barber (Harrap; 9s.). In the spring of 1939, Mr. Barber and his wife travelled from Dairen, in Manchukuo, via Harbin, to Manchouli, where they joined the famous Soviet train. For the fortnight's journey from Manchouli across the snows to Moscow a six-by-three compartment became their world—but this proved not only a snug, but a very exciting one. Va-et-vient was unceasing. Matey-ness was the rule of the corridors of the *Trans-Siberian*, with its three classes—first, "soft," and "hard." Chess with all comers, conversations and picnic meals—for only once a day did one undertake the long walk to the costly and uninspiring dining-car—combined to make not only hours, but days, fly, and sleep in the bunks became an acquired habit once one grew used to almost all-night loud radio, and the violent changes of temperature—for the coach-heating lapsed when the tired guard fell asleep, and the outsides of the sealed double windows steadily froze.

Travelling-companions became familiars. There were the two Germans: poor, fanatical dying Hansen, refusing to die in Russia, and the benevolent Kissling, who preferred Peking, and always wore two hats. There was the grave young Red officer, Alexandrov, and the flaming enthusiast Natasha, metallurgist. There were the three mysterious Swedish nuns. From the talk or, sometimes, the silence of these different people,

(Concluded on page 248)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

HAVING had three gasometers and a block of flats demolished by enemy action within a hundred yards of this house, my telephone has been ringing so frequently that it would do the Postmaster-General's heart good to hear it. Most of my friends ask me if I am dead—an embarrassingly leading question. On hearing that I am not, do I detect a subtle hint of anticlimax? Perish the thought! And yet, as not even a minor casualty, I am useless as another topic of conversation. Perhaps that is what we all need—something to talk about which has nothing to do with pink points, saving fuel and salvage, coupons and utility buns. For this, unlike the last war, which had its colourful moments, is a grim and dingy conflict.

Probably the most terrible page in history is being written before our eyes, and all we can talk about, most of us anyway, is four points for prunes and how to plan a Second Front from where we sit and ponder! Among the thirty-seven casualties officially deduced after our raid, none stands out so vividly as the gentleman who was blitzed in his bath! He was not injured, but, with his flat demolished, he had to face a cruel world in nothing but a borrowed mackintosh. Now we all wish we knew him! Even as a second-hand acquaintance we should be able to shine with a kind of dim glory. Alas, however, we can only speculate upon his subsequent plight and fill our lives once more ad nauseum with war-films, war-books, war-plays, war-pictures, war-talk—while we await the shuddering austerity of Big Ben striking nine o'clock. If only

we could creep into our shelters to the warning notes of martial music and exit therefrom to "Bye-bye, Blackbird," the sound of the siren would no longer send a "query" through our heroism. As it is, the wail of some soul being slowly strangled finds our spirits scarcely assuaged when at last an expiring moan betokens that all danger is past.

And yet there are men and women who still seem never to tire of what they call "Bringing the War Home to Us"! As if it wasn't there already! No wonder our mental attitude to life has too often resolved itself into pride at being the only one who has found sausages on Monday, and the glory of being front-line in a queue for fish! It will take us a long time, even when the war is over, to cut coupons out of our minds. Therefore, I am not ashamed to confess that I have occasional moments when I am utterly sick of the war. Consequently, I strive to blot out the Present by wallowing in a Past which knew not a side of civilisation founded upon the internal combustion engine. I still like to keep a hidden corner of my life for books and music and art and philosophy. I own to hating the sight of my austerity garden, and am far more devoted to the few flowers which remain than to the row of carrots which should rightly flourish in their stead. I still like to watch a cow in some sunny field—made happier by the knowledge that she, at any rate, doesn't know she is chewing the cud for VICTORY! I have an idea that it keeps me a little saner. But I may be wrong.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Mrs. P. Palmer-Jones

Harlip

Nancy Katharine Benson, daughter of the late Captain R. S. Benson and Mrs. Benson, of White House, Meopham, Kent, was married to Captain Peter Palmer-Jones, R.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer-Jones, of Spreakley House, Frensham, and 34, Harrington Gardens, S.W., at Brompton Oratory



Williams — Chorlton

F. B. Barker

Captain Alan Herbert Williams, R.A.S.C., son of the late A. H. Williams and Mrs. Williams, married Ariel Louise Pamela Leofric Chorlton, daughter of Mr. A. E. L. Chorlton, M.P., of 56, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W., and the late Mrs. Chorlton, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Smith — Lingaid

Lieut. R. Smith, Royal Indian Navy, and Mary Menzies Lingaid were married at High Kirk, Dunoon. She is the daughter of Mrs. M. Lingaid, of 87, College Road, Liverpool



Piercy — Mangham

Lieut. F. J. Piercy, Army Dental Corps, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Piercy, of The Hollands, Worcester Park, married Reba Frances Mangham, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. W. P. Mangham, of New Malden, at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, New Malden



Kluge — Cunningham

Lieut. Antoni Alfred Kluge, Polish Army, and Anne Cunningham, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Crawford, of The Mount, Wimbledon, were married at the Polish Catholic Church, Devonian Road



Janion — Gibbons

Second Lieut. Laurence Penderel Janion, only son of Captain A. P. Janion, of Vermont, U.S.A., and Mrs. Janion, of Withdean, Brighton, married Bridget Mary Gibbons, elder daughter of the late John Gibbons and Mrs. Gibbons, of Little Cambridge, Dunmow, Essex, at St. Joseph's, Bishop's Stortford



Miss Mary Latham

A. L. Allcock

Mary Birbeck Latham is to marry Sq.-Ldr. J. de L. (Dun) Wooldridge, D.F.C., D.F.M., son of Major G. de L. Wooldridge and Mrs. J. Barton, on December 11th at Tonbridge Parish Church. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. Latham, of Tonbridge



Marriott — Morison-Tucker

Captain Peter Armstrong Harlley Marriott, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Marriott, of 5, Pitt Street, S.W., and Hopton, Mirefield, Yorks., married Barbara Jacqueline Morison-Tucker, daughter of Captain Niel Morison and Mrs. Walter T. Tucker, of Barle House, Chew Magna, Somerset, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Robinson — Bateman

Captain Rupert Chater Robinson, R.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Robinson, of 8, Stormont Road, Highgate, and Marion Winifred Bateman, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Bateman, of 40, Eton Avenue, Hampstead, were married at the Savoy Chapel

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 234)

Home-Hunting

I MET Lady Binney lunching in the West End recently. She has had the hectic job of trying to find a home, and has settled on a flat in London, as her husband is working at the Admiralty. Lady Binney, who was Elizabeth Blair Imrie before her marriage to Admiral Sir Hugh Binney this autumn, has worked hard as a mobile V.A.D. since the war began. This has meant working in hospitals all over the country. She has given this up on getting married, as she feels the mobile jobs are more for the unmarried girls, and wives with husbands overseas.

News from Westmorland

I HEAR news of the Hon. Mrs. Owen Tudor, the younger daughter of Lord Hothfield. Her father has lent her a flat in his lovely home, Appleby Castle, in Westmorland, where she is living with her three little girls while her husband, Colonel Owen Tudor, is commanding a mechanised Hussar regiment in the Middle East. Mrs. Tudor's daughters are all very pretty children. Her eldest girl has the very uncommon and attractive name of Idonia, a name originating from the family of Mrs. Tudor's late mother, who was, before her marriage to Lord Hothfield, Lady Irene Hastings, daughter of a former Earl of Huntingdon. Her two younger girls are Carol and Camilla.

Reception

AN Anglo-Polish Parliamentary reception was a warm and pleasant interlude in a raw November day, and members of the Polish Government and National Council exchanged jokes and points of view with British Ministers and Members of Parliament.

There were many more men there than women: among the women was Mme. Elzbieta Korfantowa, a member of the Polish National Council. She had lately won a prize for her various ingenious potato dishes, cooked at Mr. Edward Hulton's centre in Piccadilly Circus.

Colonel Lord Nathan of Churt was a khaki-clad member of the House of Lords; Captain Alan Graham was a black-coated representative of the Commons. And among a long list of important guests were Lord Simon, Lord Iliffe, Mr. Noel Baker, M.P., Mr. Richard Law, M.P., Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Sir Cecil Dormer, British Ambassador to Poland; the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend, who wore her favourite kind of hat, the broad brim turned up in front; Lord Caldecote, Sir John Power, M.P.; Lord Ebbisham, Colonel T. E. Wickham, M.P., Sir Malcolm Robertson, M.P., Mr. Henry Strauss, M.P., and many more, a number of them members of the Anglo-Polish Parliamentary Committee.

Coupon-Free Treasures

A GREAT feature of the exhibition of Chinese photographs and art which was opened last week by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Egerton (deputising for her sister-in-law, Lady Cripps) at Simpson's in Piccadilly, are the lovely Christmas cards and treasures—including silk kimonos—which are coupon-free. A luncheon-party was given by Lord Barnby immediately before the opening and was attended by Sir Stafford Cripps, the Marchioness of Hertford, the Hon. Mrs. Egerton, Earl Fitzwilliam, Major Huskisson, the Rev. Stanley Dixon (chairman of the United Aid to China Fund) and Mrs. Dixon, and Sir William Crawford. The exhibition is to raise funds and widen public interest in China at war, particularly in the United Aid to China Fund.



The Orr-Ewings and Family

Wing Commander Ian Orr-Ewing, R.A.F.V.R., was photographed off duty with his wife and sons, Colin and Simon. He is Mr. and Mrs. Archie Orr-Ewing's only son, and his wife was formerly Miss Joan McMinnies. They were married in 1939

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

Mr. Barber was able to gather much. Remember, the world of that spring was tense with the coming storm. Everything mattered—or soon would.

Mr. and Mrs. Barber—young, friendly, good-tempered and really miraculously adaptable—enjoyed the journey. (Everybody might not.) The details of their train-housekeeping fascinated me, and the cosiness of the home-from-home is well rendered. One great point about the *Trans-Siberian* was that it made protracted stops, during which (either by orthodox or sidelong means) one could leave the station and take a walk round. Thus they not only made tours of several towns, but were able to watch Russian ski-troops in training, and spend some hours at a collective farm.

Trans-Siberian has more serious interest than I may, so far, have suggested. Mr. Barber did more than gather random impressions. This author of *How Strong is America?* and *How Strong is Japan?* is a highly-experienced journalist and keen statistician. What he has to say, what he not only noticed, but was at pains to find out about the U.S.S.R. "on the eve," is, therefore, of the first interest now. He can point out several reasons in peacetime Russia for the magnificent functioning of the Russians at war. The U.S.S.R., as he says, in one sense always has been at war—against "anti-progress." Every Soviet man, woman or child rejoiced to think of himself, or herself, even in peacetime, first of all as a cog in the vast machine. Living costs little, pleasures (if crude) cost nothing; every ounce of energy had been canalised. Russian women of 1939 were as fully mobilised, for the State's service, as Englishwomen in 1942—and still more thoroughly, Mr. Barber suggests.

Enthusiasts (during those endless train conversations) Mr. Barber was wise enough to take with a grain of salt, and he had a quick ear for the catch-phrase. He saw, with amusement and sympathy, occasional small deviations from the Russian ideal. He does not for a moment believe this ideal would suit the English—ideals are, after all, a matter of temperament. But he does, frankly, suggest we might learn much from the whole-heartedness with which their ideal is put into practice. Wartime Englishwomen, so constantly told they are "wonderful," may jib at a few of Mr. Barber's remarks. But no one, I think, can fail to enjoy *Trans-Siberian*—its humour, its flying snapshots of places, faces and incidents. As a story, it is not without drama. Hissing steam, crackling ice, tramping footsteps and, as I said, ceaseless radio, are the background to everything that goes on.

Work and Play

"TABLE TWO," by Marjorie Wilenski (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.), is the most striking novel about women war-workers that this war has, as far as I know, produced. I read it once for its plot, which is sound and far from unlikely, and a second time for its subtle characterisation. Perhaps to say that *Table Two* is "about women war-workers" may sound dull, or be misleading. It is, more exactly, a study of feminine psychology under wartime Ministry conditions. "Table Two" itself, is a unit of the Ministry of Foreign Intelligence. Of the ten women who work at it, only three are working as "war-work," rather than as a means of supporting themselves. A fourth, the charming young Anne, is a border-line case: brought up to comfortable country life, she has suddenly found herself without money. War or no war, Anne, from now on, must earn (but, romance, happily, in the end provides another way out).

The other six women have all been bread-winners from their youth. Translation being the business of "Table Two," knowledge of languages is the one thing in common between these ten oddly-assorted women—each of whom, thanks to Mrs. Wilenski's pen, stands out. To know languages is, remember, more than a luxury: for the six professional workers at "Table Two" this had secured years (grinding years) of teaching, or else commercial openings abroad. . . . The "Table" worked at top speed, for long hours, and under Blitz conditions—the action of *Table Two* takes place in the September of the Battle of Britain. Upon the ordinary rivalries and mutual criticisms were superimposed tense tempers and tired nerves. Happily, there was also the frequent coffee-drinking, the gossip, the circulation of buns and sweets. Class-consciousness was, need one say, always present, and sometimes rampant. Against any lady suspected as a "pin-money" worker, feeling easily ran high.

The most dominating, and memorable, character is, without doubt, Elsie. I consider Elsie a masterpiece—her home background, her temperament, her feeling for Anne, her interior (with the "art" silk and the one good picture) are all so used as to give her intense reality. Elsie's unhappy part at the lunch at the Park-Lucullus made my blood run cold. Kind Mrs. Jolly, Miss Young the sneak, the infantile Bobbie, and the horror-loving Miss Purbeck all stand high, however, in the supporting cast.

Epic

"VILLAGE IN AUGUST," China's great war novel, by T'ien Chun (Collins; 8s. 6d.), has an heroic grimness that, as one must remind oneself, has been exceeded by reality. But it has humanity, and one kind of humour, too. This is the tale of a band of guerilla fighters, against the Japanese, in the mountain country of Northern China. T'ien Chun, who himself led this life, has learned much, as a writer, from Gorki—this is all to the good. In the midst of all this courage, movement and horror, two very different love-stories have been touched in.



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Land-Plan

WITH wild whoops of delight the planners are descending upon London Town. O! the peace is in sight and the vistas invite; plan, my bully boys, plan—or at least that seems to be the architectural foresee shanty of the moment at which I write these notes—the moment when United States forces have achieved notable success in North Africa. In shrillness, the plans and peace proposals seem to rise as the square of the successes achieved by Allied arms. Yet all the proposals for a better London that have so far come my way have been out of date. A French author pointed out the other day that it took us years to realise that a carriage without a horse was something more than a horseless carriage. It was long before the automobile was developed as an automobile. Yet these plans take no appreciable cognisance of the appearance of the flying machine. They might suit the age of balloons and penny-farthing bicycles, but they do not suit the age of air.

Air City

IF you asked me to replan London (which Heaven and Lord Reith forbid), I would first take the wider, grander view of its function as the great communications junction of the entire civilised world. It does not hold that proud position on account of some inherent virtue in its citizens, but simply because it happens to be roughly at the centre of the civilised land-masses of the globe. From that point it is a logical step to visualise it in the future either as a vast air junction—the busiest and biggest air junction in the world—or as nothing. If it is to be replanned, therefore, it should be replanned as an air city.

First of all its airports should be sited; then its communications to and from and between those airports. Then consideration should be given to making the flying conditions in the vicinity as good as possible. Then, and only then, should the vistas and the offices and the residential areas be considered.

Loud Report

THAT famous report of Sir Charles Bressey before the war visualised London mainly from the motorist's point of view. At the time that was perhaps sound. The vision of world air transport was still dim and ill-defined. But nobody can doubt any longer that world transport in the future will be world air transport. It is astonishing that some of those who have been blathering about post-war planning are, or have been, intimately connected with aviation in some form or other, yet fail to notice this great central truth: that London must be planned as a great air city or it will cease to be a great city of any kind.

Lay down your aerodromes first of all. Clear away everything, including the revered relics of other ages, where necessary to give good flying space. Then plan your railway lines and stations and your roads and then your building, to be complementary to that fundamental air pattern.

Trees

ALL of which brings me back to my perpetual grouse about the cutting-down of trees. Show a man a tree—and especially show a town-planner or a local authority a tree—and his reaction will be set and certain. It will be to cut it down. Town-planners and local authorities can see no other conceivable purpose in a tree except as an object to be cut down. Now, trees can be a danger to aircraft. But they can also be a help to aircraft. It is all a matter of where they are and how they are disposed. Trees help to hold the soil of an airport and to prevent the maintenance man's chief bugbear—dust. They form wind-screens and they define boundaries. When the worst comes to the worst, it is better



Senior Officers Off Duty D. R. Stuart

Air Commodore P. L. Lincoln, D.S.O., M.C., finds the beautiful lawn outside R.A.F. headquarters somewhere in the North a good place for a quiet chat with two of his senior officers, Wing Commander J. F. Hart, D.F.C., and Wing Commander R. L. Richmond

to crash on to trees (though not to hit their trunks near the base) than to crash on houses and steel and concrete buildings. Aerodromes, therefore, ought to be surrounded by trees, though with the trees always kept at a respectful distance from the actual landing area, and giving avenues of open ground between them in the runway directions.

The only sound course with London is to evacuate it entirely and then to lure the German Air Force into launching upon it heavier and more destructive raids than they have yet achieved. In other words, before London can be rationally replanned, it must be knocked down.



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Men's clothes by

There may be some difficulty in
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the limitation of supplies imposed by
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Drescott

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



Everyone must admit that the hats at Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, are simple, nevertheless decorative; furthermore, everything has been done to economise where material is concerned. Witnesses to this fact are the models pictured on this page. She also excels in the creation of country hats that are also just right for morning wear in town. The hat at the top of the page is a study in two shades of velvet, and there are a number of colour schemes in which this idea may be repeated. For the interesting hat on the right above stitched black velvet relieved with a delicate shade of almond green has been used; a veil completes the scheme. Think how simple the ingredients are. The hat at the base of the page on the right is really a study in soft draperies. In this instance nigger brown and beige are present; other shades may be substituted if desired.



It was a happy thought on the part of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, to make a feature of little frocks whose aspect can be completely altered by changing the scarf or other shoulder draperies: these accessories may be obtained separately. One suggestion for the utilisation of them will be seen above. Shawls are rapidly coming into their own again. Colours are cheerful and many are outlined with fringe; sometimes they are cut in two, contrasting colours appearing on the shoulders. Black lace reminiscent of a mantilla is very decorative, especially with white or grey hair. In striking contrast to these accessories for the home there are slacks. The hems are not turned up: they are admirably tailored and have a flattering and slimming effect. They are so practical with a woolly twin set or pullover

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Stories from Everywhere

THE tale is going the rounds how an American journalist on the cross-channel boat to Dublin met an athletic young man with a beautiful soft brogue, wearing civilian clothes. The American went straight to the point:

"Why don't you let the British use those bases?"

"We hate the English," answered the young man.

"Don't you want them to win the war?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then what are you doing to help them?"

"I'm a Hurricane pilot," said the young man.

"It's really disgraceful," said the elderly lady, glancing up from her newspaper, "permitting all this gambling in the R.A.F."

"What on earth do you mean, Aunt?" inquired her nephew.

"Why these 'sweeps' the R.A.F. are having every day," replied the aunt. "No wonder so many owe so much to so few."

SHE had tried on every frock in the place and been there for what seemed hours to the assistant.

"Your frocks are all so skimpy!" complained the customer. "I think I'd look nice in something flowing."

"Modom might try the river," suggested the exhausted assistant.

Six parachute troops were up for their first rehearsal jump and the first five had already leapt into the air. Six was just going to jump when the C.O. queried: "Hi, where's your parachute?"

"Oh," said Six, "I thought this was just a rehearsal."

FROM Macdonald Hastings' book *Passed as Censored* (Harrap) comes the following:

After medical examination, recruits for the Army are interviewed by an officer who recommends each man for a branch of the Forces in which his calling in private life can be turned to good account. The majority are easily placed? the minority have a way of baffling the most informed of military cross-examiners. My favourite interview—I give you a guarantee of its authenticity—goes like this:

INTERVIEWER: "What was your job in private life?"

RECRUIT: "I was a radio producer."

INTERVIEWER: "A radio producer? (Thumbing the official list of professions.) "But that is a reserved profession."

RECRUIT: "I don't think so, sir."

INTERVIEWER: "Excuse me. The manufacture of radio sets is an essential industry."

RECRUIT: "But I'm not that sort of radio producer. . . ."

INTERVIEWER: "Then what sort of producer are you?"

RECRUIT: "Well, sir, I work for the broadcasting people. . . ."

INTERVIEWER: "Oh, so that's it! A wireless operator?"

RECRUIT: "No, sir, not a wireless operator. I'm afraid I know very little about the technical side of radio."

INTERVIEWER: "You say you're a radio producer. Then you say you're not. You say you work for the broadcasting people, but you know nothing about radio—"

RECRUIT: "Oh, yes, sir? I know something about radio. You see, I produce radio programmes."

INTERVIEWER (triumphantly): "A printer?"

RECRUIT: "Not exactly, sir. What I mean to say—"

INTERVIEWER: "All right. We're putting you on searchlights."



Greer Garson and Ensign Richard Ney

Greer Garson, the titian-haired Irish actress, has announced her forthcoming marriage to Ensign Richard Ney of the U. S. Navy. They appeared together in "Mrs. Miniver." Greer Garson is the name part and Richard Ney as her son, Vic Miniver. Miss Garson was formerly the wife of Mr. Edward Snelson, I.C.S.

"I've got the man you wanted for the officer's sir," said the sergeant.

"Has he had any experience?" asked the officer. "I think so, sir," replied the sergeant. "He was a platelayer before he joined the army."

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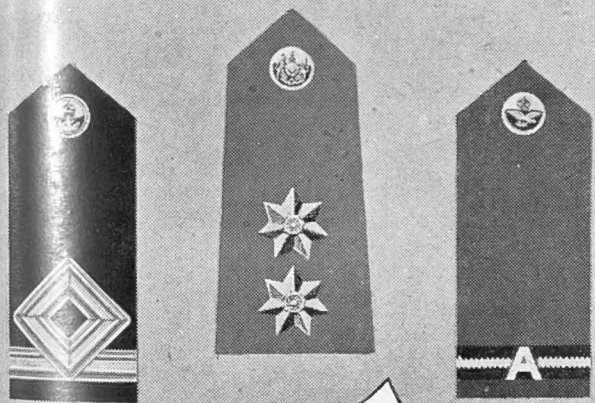
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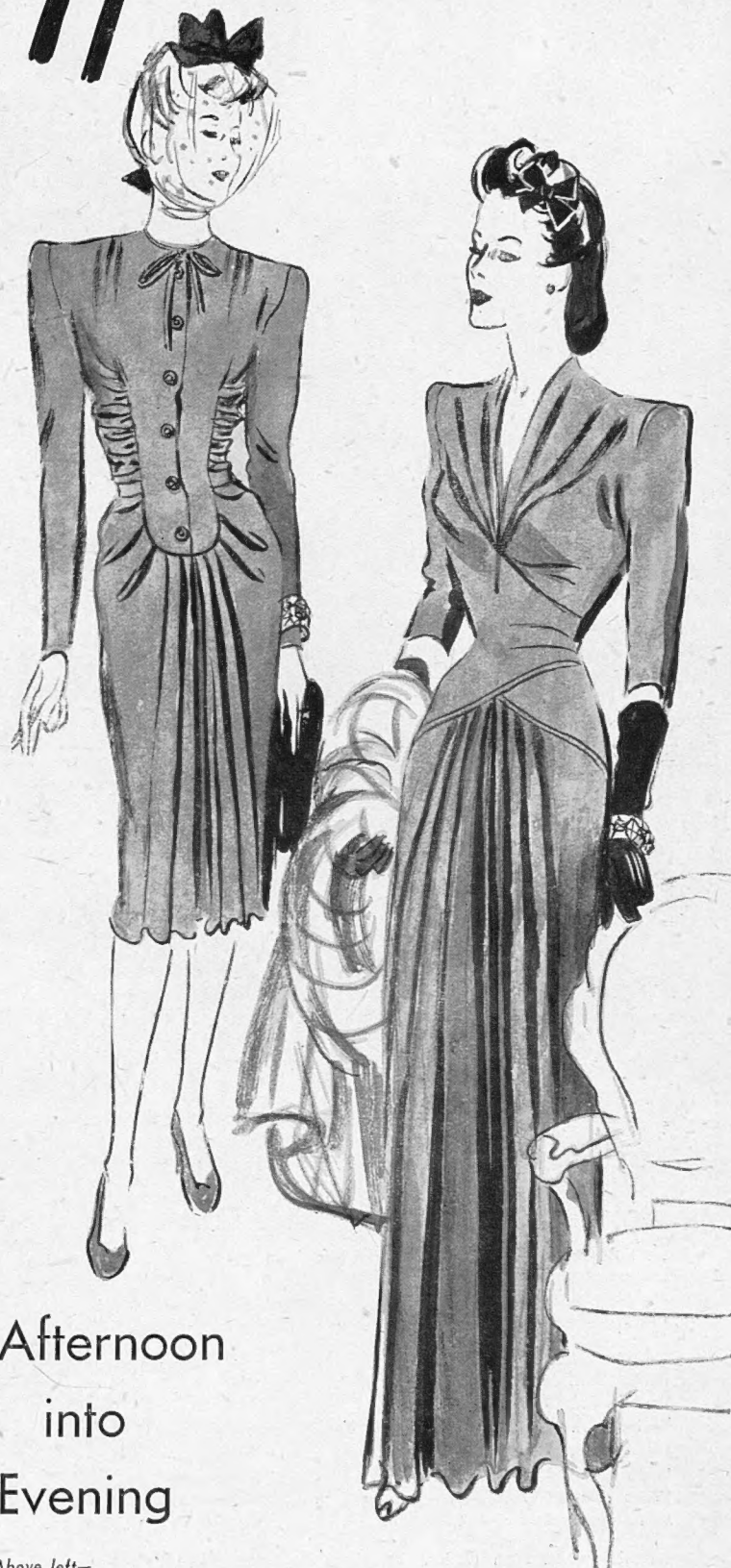


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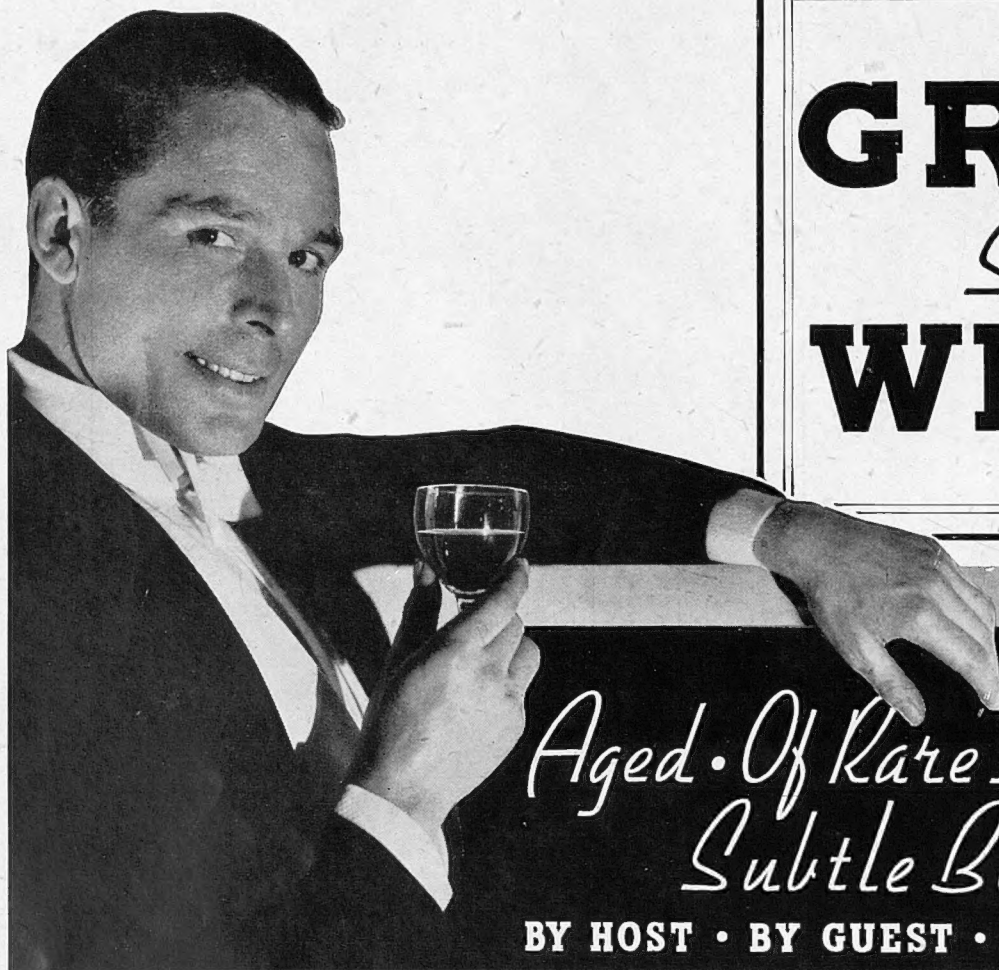
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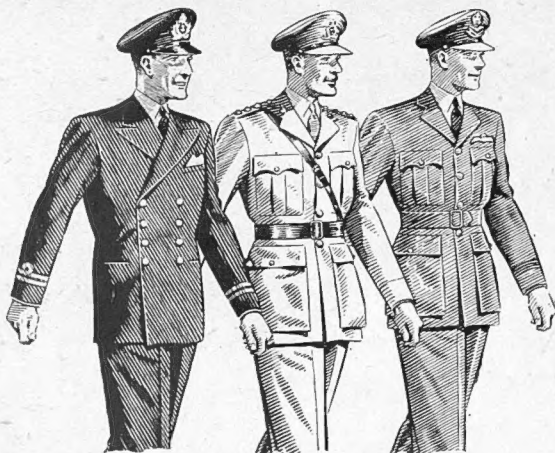


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